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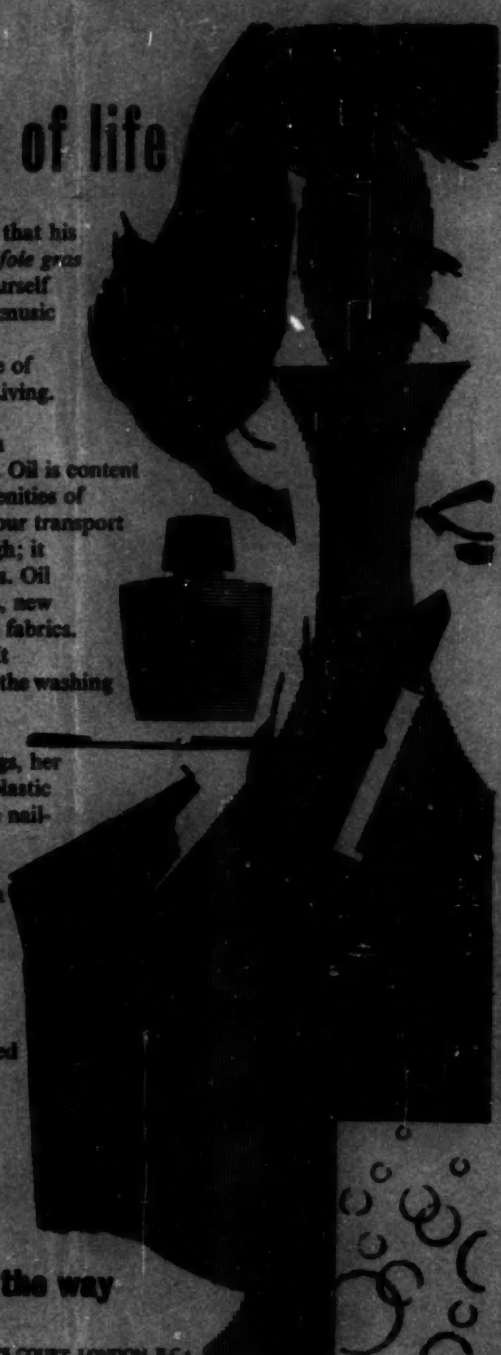
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THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

OCTOBER, 1954

EUROPE, ASIA AND AMERICA

THERE never was a time in the history of mankind when there was greater need for constructive thought. What is more, the thinking has got to be done today not merely by the few highly-placed individuals who guide the policies of nations but by all the ordinary men and women who make up the hundreds of millions of human inhabitants of the planet. The stark realities of the world situation are writ large for the common man to read. There are no essential facts that he does not know. On his judgment in the last resort depend not merely the prosperity but the survival of himself and his family and those of his fellows throughout the entire world.

Man is an aggressive animal and not content with bending the world of matter and of the lower creatures to his own use and pleasure he must needs be in perpetual conflict with his own kind whose actions and minds he seeks to dominate. With this in view he turns every fresh scientific discovery to military use; and now in nuclear energy he has within his grasp the power and the means to destroy the whole human race. What is more, this knowledge is possessed by quite a number of people belonging to all the principal nations of the earth. Against such an attack there is no ultimate means of protection and no defence except the threat of retaliation. Moreover we have recently been warned that if there are more than a limited number of nuclear explosions the whole earth's atmosphere will be so contaminated with radio-active material as to jeopardise all life on the planet.

The conclusion seems inescapable that if man is to survive he and his fellows must sit down and reason together and try to find a method of peaceful co-existence—in which even if they cannot be loving friends they can at least refrain from being homicidal enemies. But just as it takes two to make a quarrel so also it takes two to create a peace. What are nations to do if other nations are bent on aggression and domination? That is the starting point of the idea of "negotiation from strength" which is all right so long as it does not degenerate in its turn into dictation and domination.

The prerequisite of successful negotiation is understanding of the needs and fears of all the parties to it. For unless their principal needs can be met and their fears can be to some extent allayed even if not entirely dispelled, the negotiation will be abortive and the participants will separate more firmly determined in their quarrel than when it commenced. The first thing to do therefore is to study the facts as they present themselves to the different nations and to appreciate their mental reactions to them. Though there are quarrels going on over almost the whole world, the centres of major trouble today are Europe and South East Asia and to some extent it is possible to consider them separately.

In Europe the most recent fact is the refusal of the French Parliament to ratify the E.D.C. treaty which was designed originally with the express object of enrolling German soldiers in a European Defence force to resist further Russian aggression, and as such was devised and signed by a former French Minister. This refusal is a most serious matter for the Western nations for without German participation it is difficult to create an army comparable to that which Russia can put into the field. But it is no good getting angry with the French about this and heaping abuse upon them for it. Twice in the lifetime of everyone over 40 and three times in that of the oldest of us France has been overrun by a German army which has devastated her country, ruined her economy and killed millions of her men. Is it altogether surprising that to Frenchmen and Frenchwomen the menace of German rearmament seems a nearer and more real danger than a hypothetical Russian invasion? They may well take the view that, whatever the safeguards on paper, once a German army comes into being, involving some reinstatement of former Nazi officers, the door has been opened for anti-French action to begin all over again.

But the trouble is that even if the Western nations were prepared to accept the French decision as final and to abandon any attempt to include German troops in a defence army it is no longer possible to prevent the rearming of Germany. It is nearly ten years since the end of the last war, and during those years the German economy has been re-established. The Bonn Government is already demanding the restoration of full sovereignty and it is difficult to see how it can be indefinitely refused. The longer it is withheld the more likely it is that when it comes, as come it must some day, it will carry with it a hostility to France and the Western world. The French are logical people and some way or other agreement must be reached with them.

But that does not end the matter. What about the Germans? The best of them do not want to repeat the brutal history of their rulers in the past. But they do want a reunion of the two halves of their country now under Russian and Western control. This appears to most people inevitable and it has got to be put into the picture and taken account of in whatever settlement of relations in Europe between East and West takes place. But will the rehabilitation of Germany stop there? Already many Germans are indulging in pipe dreams of recovering the Eastern lands which were stripped from them at the end of the war. At present this is only a tiny cloud on the Eastern horizon but it is not too early for us to make our minds up about what we are going to do if and when this claim is made.

That brings us to Russia. He would be a very foolish man who would assume that because the present overlords of Russia have opened a few chinks in the iron curtain they have abandoned or modified the age-long policy of Russian rulers—Tsar and Commissar alike—of grabbing what territory they can when the going is good in one place and turning their attention elsewhere when difficulties arise. Russia has still an immense and no doubt a growing army, a navy steadily increasing in strength and a powerful air force. It remains true that if the West is to negotiate with Russia it must negotiate from strength. But that does not mean that we should close the door to such trade as is mutually advantageous to both sides so long as strategic materials are excluded. Nor does it mean that we

should shut our eyes to the fact that the wide belt of satellite and buffer states on her Western frontier are proving a source of embarrassment to her so long as they include a large number of disaffected people; and that for this reason if for no other she may not hanker to add to their number.

Let us now turn to the other world theatre—South East Asia. Because there are certain similarities it would be a grave mistake to assume that this was a close replica of Europe. It differs in many important respects. In the first place China is not Russia though both are Communist countries. (She is not at present even a member of U.N.O.) In the second place India occupies a dominant central position and is potentially a very powerful nation, but she has chosen so far not to take sides but to retain a neutral and balancing position. Thirdly while the war in Europe ended nearly ten years ago, the war in Korea ended only some fourteen months ago, the war in Indo-China only a few weeks ago, and a war between Chiang Kai-Shek and China is actually in progress at the time these lines are being written. Finally in contradistinction to the misfiring of E.D.C. a treaty of mutual assistance has only in the last few days been signed at Manila.

All these later events are much too recent to enable their results to be adequately foreseen. We have not yet had sufficient experience to be able to judge whether China will respect the spirit as well as the letter of her undertakings though there are some signs that she is failing to do so. We do not yet know how far Syngman Rhee's fulminations will materialise in actual military operations. We do not know how far Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia will react to the settlement reached in Geneva. Still less do we know what will be the outcome of the attack by Chiang Kai-Shek on the mainland of China and of the Chinese reprisals (or are we to regard it as the other way round?) on the territory which he claims in Islands adjacent to Formosa. But we do know enough to enable us to realise that all these things are full of danger.

To complete the picture it only remains to take account of the United States and its reactions to world events in both Europe and South East Asia. The Americans are a people of swift and vigorous action. They see problems in hard outlines, they make up their minds on which side they want to act, and they intervene promptly and often decisively. The British Commonwealth, Western Europe and the other free nations of the world have reason to be grateful to them for the generous help received from them in many different ways. When Britain was fighting alone with her back against the wall against Hitler, the President of the United States invented "Lease Lend" and solved our economic problem, when men and money were needed to win the war against Germany and Japan America flung them both lavishly into the scale. When after the war Europe needed resources to prime her pump "Marshal Aid" was forthcoming.

Now today Americans see in Communism the arch enemy of mankind. To them it is at once anti-Christ, anti-freedom and anti-the-American-way-of-life. Its pillars are the Soviet Union and the Chinese Republic. They have shown themselves to be the arch aggressors. Therefore everything else must be subordinated to getting them down. The past trespasses of Germany and Japan must not be allowed to stand in the way of their rearmament to defend civilisation. The record of Syngman Rhee must not prevent his recognition as a useful ally; Chiang Kai-Shek must be

armed to the teeth with the latest American weapons to enable him to make an onslaught on the Chinese Mainland which he surrendered to the Communists when in days gone by his armies melted away. The Chinese seat on the Security Council of U.N.O. must be reserved for the rulers of the Island of Formosa and not transferred to those in control of the whole of the Mainland. These policies are supported by the American Administration. Some Americans would go further; they would establish a complete trade boycott of Russia and China on the principle of the Outlawry of Aggressors. Some even, no doubt a diminishing minority, are in favour of a preventive war.

Most people in Britain agree that there is truth in some part of this American analysis but they regard much of it as a dangerous oversimplification of the intricate facts. With great reluctance they find themselves unable to go all the way with their great ally in some of her actions. It seems commonsense to most Britishers to give to the *de facto* rulers of China (now that we are no longer at war with them) a seat at the U.N. conference table. To attempt to outlaw the Communist countries seems to our people to be doubling the mischief created by the existing iron curtain. To arm Chiang-Kai-Shek and send him to China to fight seems like warming up the cold war into a tepid one.

It is quite useless to pretend that these differences do not exist, and the statement of them should not increase but relieve any tension or misunderstanding there may be between us and our great ally. It must be remembered that we speak not for ourselves alone but also for many of the nations of the Commonwealth and for not a few of the Western countries of Europe. All of us and the Americans have a common purpose—to preserve peace and freedom, to resist aggression, and to promote the happiness of the human race. It would be tragic if we were not free to discuss frankly with one another how best to put these great ideals into practical effort.

PETHICK-LAWRENCE.

THE GERMAN SITUATION

AUGUST this year was certainly a most unholiday-like month in Germany, not only as far as the weather was concerned. Three major "running" news stories vied for the headlines—the EDC crisis, the John and Schmidt-Wittmack cases, and the strikes. The present writer travelled widely in the Federal Republic during August and early September. He found that on the whole the strikes were over-shadowed by the other two crises.

Dr. Adenauer must sometimes feel bitter about the changing luck of the political game. The present writer saw him last September in the hour of his triumph, with a two-thirds majority in the Bundestag within his reach, confident that the European Defence Community would at last come into being. Within a year of the Bundestag election the dream was shattered. All the work which had gone into the ratification of the EDC treaty—the struggle with the Social Democrats in the Bundestag and in the Constitutional Court—had been in vain. It is thus not surprising that the Chan-

cellor allowed himself some reproaches against the French, though it would have been better if he had not made them.

In the long run, however, Dr. Adenauer's single-minded championship of European integration will still count. All over Western Europe, indeed all over the Western world, the Federal Chancellor has come to represent that new and better Germany on which the hopes of mankind rest. The credit balance in good will which has thus been built up in other friendly countries will undoubtedly prove a steadying force in the difficult times ahead. From the point of view of German opinion the French position seemed hard to understand. For the Germans remember how they were with difficulty persuaded after the anti-militarist Allied propaganda of the immediate post-war years to make a defence contribution. It looks to them as if the very people who requested their help refuse it when it is offered. The rejection of EDC by the French National Assembly must appear to the Germans as a consequence of the continuing French distrust of them. Ironically, the net effect of the rejection of EDC may be that German troops will be integrated to a smaller extent than was originally intended.

It will require all the flexible diplomacy of all the Western countries, including Germany and France, to find a way out of the impasse. For after the original shock was over it was clear to the Germans, too, that all that had happened was that a battle for European integration and Western defence had been lost. The struggle for both objectives had to go on. The failure of EDC was sincerely regretted in Germany, for the European idea has a wide appeal there. One tragic result of the present impasse may be that the European idea will lose momentum in Germany, that it will become discredited. This must not be allowed to happen. A new plan must be found, soon, which will—like EDC—fulfil at the same time the three aims of Western defence, European integration, and the restoration of Western Germany into the community of Europe.

If German public opinion is disappointed about the blow to the European idea, it is certainly by no means displeased about the delay in the rearming of the Federal Republic. Whatever the future may hold, at present the traditional German liking for soldiering is at a very low ebb. The generation which was old enough to be conscripted before 1945 has largely been wiped out or wounded. The following age groups, i.e. those born since about 1927, have had enough of war and destruction. The mental gulf between these young people and the elder generation is greater than ever before, for the young never knew as adults the old Germany of the dimensions of the Weimar Republic. Few of them have been to Berlin; to them Silesia and East Prussia are merely inaccessible places on a map, unless they happen to have been expelled from there. These young Germans are different in background and experience from the older generation, and the fatal continuity of the traditional ideas which caused so much trouble in the past may have been broken.

At present Federal Germany is the only country this side of the Iron Curtain which is being defended by the West without being asked to make a contribution in military manpower. The Federal Republic is, of course, sharing—indirectly—in the military expenditure. On the assumption that the delay in the settlement of the German contribution is not going to invite a Russian attack, the Germans benefit materially from a postpone-

ment of a defence settlement. This is another ironical consequence of the decision of the French National Assembly. While the young Briton, Frenchman and American has to do his period of conscription—perhaps in Germany—the young German can train for a job without interruption and can work all the harder to build up his country again. Demilitarisation has certainly proved a boomerang.

One problem which will have to be faced in any inter-European army will be that of security, as the John and Schmidt-Wittmack cases show. It is certainly very disturbing that the Chief of Federal German Security and a member of the Bundestag EDC committee should have been men of whose allegiance the Federal Republic could not be certain. However, the undermining of loyalties has pervaded countries and castes whose reliability could in earlier times be taken for granted without a shadow of doubt. It is not surprising that this game of agents and counter-agents has assumed particularly grave proportions in a country which is divided by the Iron Curtain. What general inferences can be drawn about trends of German opinion from the flight of these two men? Is there the chance of a deal between West Germany and Russia? Is there going to be another Rapallo? From what has come to light so far it would be wrong to infer too much from the action of these two men. What they have done can probably best be understood in personal terms. It would be wrong to conclude that opinion in Federal Germany is weakening in any way about Communism, which is generally abhorred. But the two cases remain disturbing enough, and they were not made any better by the lame explanations given by the Federal authorities. If John was "a psychopath" and if Schmidt-Wittmack was "insignificant", "a militarist" and "rather nationalistic", why did they remain in their respective positions? Of the two affairs, the defection of the security chief was certainly the more important, particularly as it had two unfortunate secondary repercussions.

It will be recalled that John fled from Germany after the failure of the 20th July plot in 1944, in which he was apparently himself involved; his brother, who also took part, was executed for his share. The 1944 revolt was, truly, one of the few items of credit which remained for the reputation of the German people, as against all the unthinkable terrible blemishes. In a remarkable speech in Berlin on the eve of the tenth anniversary of the plot, the Federal President, Prof. Heuss, did not shirk the difficulty, as Head of State, of discussing the right of rebellion. He recognised this right in the particular situation of 1944 and paid tribute to the service which the men who gave their lives rendered to the reputation of the German people. At the same time he made it clear that it was wrong as a result to condemn all those who continued fighting after the 20th of July. All this was a very difficult question of motives and situations about which one could not generalise. It seemed as if the controversy which had—naturally—gone on about the plot would at last come to rest with this dignified, humane formula. But then John disappeared from West Berlin during the commemoration ceremonies and the question was at once bound to be asked whether a man who betrayed his country once would not betray it again. Germany can ill afford to see one of its few assets from the recent past devalued.

The other consequence of the John defection was a most undignified

duel between certain sections of the German and British press. It appears that when the post of President of the Federal Office for the Protection of the Constitution was first filled, the Western High Commissioners vetoed all names on the list submitted by the Federal Government except for that of John. As John had come back to Germany from England, the British found themselves accused of being responsible for this chaotic choice. On the other hand, parts of the British press with which John was reported to have been on particularly close terms took John's accusations about a Neo-Nazi revival in Western Germany at their face value. This poisoning of the wells of Anglo-German relations was certainly most unfortunate.

Quite apart from John, what is the truth about stories of "the Nazis coming back"? The present writer took the opportunity while in Bonn of calling at the Ministry of Refugee Affairs, the one which is most under fire. He was able to interview the Minister, Prof. Oberlaender, now leader of the Refugee Party (BHE), who had just returned from Britain and was very concerned about the press attacks made on him, alleging that he had been a Nazi and that he had installed Nazis in his Ministry. Prof. Oberlaender said that he had been cleared by a denazification tribunal and that he had, in fact, been persecuted under the Nazi regime for advocating the humane treatment of occupied territories. With reference to the recruitment of staff, he said that he had found a number of vacancies on taking over the department and that he had only engaged men who had been cleared by denazification tribunals. In a frank discussion about the Nazi question he said that for him the formula of collective guilt did not go far enough and that he accepted an individual guilt for what had happened. But he felt it was wrong and dangerous to exclude for good a high proportion of the educated strata which, while it had once belonged to the Nazi Party, had been left by Allied denazification tribunals without any professional restrictions.

At present the situation is still basically healthy, with sound democrats and Europeans of long standing at the helm of government and state. The old trends of extreme nationalism and militarism, of disregard for the rights of others, do not show very much at present. Whether they have disappeared altogether, or have merely receded into the background, to reappear in due course in a different constellation, nobody can yet say. The sceptics and pessimists hold that history will repeat itself. History must not repeat itself, for if it did Europe with all its ancient civilisation would be lost. Never in the whole of its history since 1870 has there been a more democratic and pro-Western government in Germany, backed by the free expression of electoral opinion. If this opportunity is lost, a terrible responsibility will be borne in the West by all responsible statesmen and diplomats.

FRANK EYCK.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH FRANCE?

FRRIENDS of France had hoped that after her liberation she would assume the leading role on the continent, lend a helping hand to Germany and form with the latter a bulwark against bolshevism. But the indecisiveness and vacillations of her policy, the vindictiveness with which supporters of the Vichy government were pursued and the deplorable economic tactics adopted, brought disillusion to her allies. It is perplexing

that a country endowed with so many physical advantages—according to Strabo the most flourishing place in the world—should not be able to make better use of them. Unfortunately her ailments are deep rooted and only a Napoleonic personality would be in a position to impose discipline and extricate her from the morass. Sociologists would point out that France is less a nation than a congeries of peoples each possessing distinctive customs, traditions and dialects. There are striking contrasts between Basques and Alsatians, Bretons and Auvergnats, Normans and Provençaux, Flamands and Savoyards, Gascons and Bourguignons. Professor McDougall in his book, *The Group Mind*, dwells at length on the importance of both mental and racial homogeneity of a population as a condition for a harmonious development of national character. As regards France, he adds: "France has three stocks* all largely represented, but they have remained in some degree geographically separated in three belts running east and west. Hence there are greater differences between Frenchmen than between Englishmen." To secure the coherence of these diverse ethnic elements an autocratic or a monarchic government is necessary. This is obvious from what happened after the French Revolution which coincides with the beginning of France's decline. As Albert Schweitzer declared: "The French Revolution is a fall of snow on blooming trees."

The chaotic conditions engendered by the Revolution were surmounted by the genius of Napoleon, but the restoration of the republican system tended to install in permanence a state of instability and disorder. Prominent French sociologists are unanimous in describing the existing form of government as utterly unsuitable to the French temperament. It was hoped for some time that the functions of a co-ordinating force would be exerted by General de Gaulle, but he has utterly disappointed his friends and his attitude contributed to increasing the latent animosities. The harsh treatment meted out to Pétain was in striking contrast with the amnesty granted to the deserter Thorez, whom he appointed as Vice-President of his government together with other communists as ministers of state. Though the Vichy government had been legally constituted, since the Presidents of the Chamber and the Senate had supported Pétain's installation in office, functionaries and sympathisers of that regime were subsequently persecuted with an implacable vindictiveness with the object of eliminating political and personal opponents. A Deputy affirmed in the Chamber, in April, 1952, that some 105,000 Frenchmen had been summarily executed after the liberation, while the socialist *Populaire* reckoned the victims at 135,000. Adrien Tixier, Minister of the Interior in de Gaulle's government, admitted the charge. All this occurred under General de Gaulle, who had obviously not heard of Burke's dictum that "magnanimity is not seldom the truest wisdom." An amnesty promulgated on August, 1947, legitimates these crimes, if committed in the cause of liberation prior to June, 1947; but in glaring contrast, youths who had joined the anti-bolshevik legion out of patriotism still languish in jail. No wonder that the victims of this proscription, as well as their friends, are imbued with a violent hatred for a regime which countenances such crying injustice. Another forward act was the confiscation of the newspapers appearing during the German occupation and their transfer to supporters

* (*homo Europaeus, Alpinus, Mediteraneus*).

of the government, which brought about an increase of communist dailies from 4 to 52 and of socialist organs from 4 to 34. As if internal discords were not enough, de Gaulle proceeded to sow further dissent by trying to impart another course to French foreign policy by signing a treaty with Russia, "our natural ally, dear and powerful Russia . . . we could not ensure by ourselves the security of Europe . . . it is with this object that we have concluded a fine and good alliance with powerful and brave Soviet Russia." Such was the elucidation de Gaulle gave of his behaviour. Despite the frustration of these hopes Gaullist deputies in the Chamber have voted on the same side as the communists and have proved to be a dissolvent force.

These pro-communist blandishments and the entrusting of three ministries to communists enabled the latter greatly to increase their influence. They replaced the dismissed functionaries by their partisans, and by extending lavishly privileges and perquisites attracted large numbers to their party. Several nationalised industries which passed under their control became veritable communist fiefs. Not only were they overstaffed with their partisans, but several of the latter were appointed for a short period and then pensioned off so as to secure a permanent income. During the general strike of August, 1953, the *Aurore* announced that the entire staff of the gas and electricity industries, numbering over 103,000, went on strike, but that 8,000 temporary workers sufficed to keep the works operating. Most of the nationalised industries owing to these tactics have an abnormal number of pensioners who constitute a dead weight since their pensions have to be paid out of the receipts. Thus the railways with a staff of 398,712 have 373,300 pensioners, while for gas and electricity the respective numbers are 111,703 and 49,279. Recently the technicians of these two last industries published a manifesto expressing their alarm at the persistent intervention of parliamentarians preventing thereby the smooth operation of the industries. *Paris-Soir* wrote that during the past five years the nationalised industries have had a deficit of over 100 milliards, part of which should be ascribed to the irresponsibility or megalomania of a dozen small potentates of whom none had been brought to justice. Senator Pellenc likewise decried these abuses, stating that the nationalised industries acted as if they were states within the state. The communist party had become a most powerful factor and still continues to exert an undue influence. After the liberation the government, in order to facilitate the transfer of its African subjects, had arranged with General Franco to repatriate them through Spain; in exchange a few hundred Spaniards, mainly Franquists, were to be transported by rail from Switzerland to the Spanish frontier. The train carrying them was attacked at Chambéry by a gang of communists and forced to turn back. Some 100 passengers had been seriously wounded and all their belongings and money stolen. No punishment was meted out to the assailants, but a few months ago the French government decided to pay an indemnity of 200,000,100 frs. claimed by General Franco. Duclos, the secretary of the party, while participating in an Anti-American manifestation was arrested and found carrying instructions to members of the party inciting them "to work everywhere for the defeat of the French army and the disintegration of the expeditionary corps." The military authorities sought to arraign him before a military court, but their demand remained unheeded. Numerous

acts of sabotage have also taken place, but those responsible were either acquitted or sentenced very lightly.

The judiciary occasionally seems amenable to political pressure. Dispensation of justice is slow. Cases brought before courts are judged after a delay of at least a year, and appeal cases even more leisurely. Solicitors enjoy more consideration than magistrates, who are recruited from among those of the former profession who have failed to secure distinction. The *Figaro* cited the case of a person who was injured and only indemnified after eight years of litigation. Mauriac wrote in scathing terms of the case of three policemen who were brought to justice at Bordeaux for having caused the death, five years before, of an apparently innocent person after submitting him to third degree methods. A few months ago the Press dwelt at length on the case of a woman who had been kept in jail for five years and who had to be released when brought to trial for lack of evidence. A slightly distorted but on the whole correct picture of the prevailing practices among the magistrature may be gained by a perusal of Marcel Aymé's entertaining play *La tête des autres* which was one of the successes of the last theatrical season.

Much has been said of the high prices of French manufactures and the blame was placed on antiquated machinery and methods; but there is another factor, namely that in France 245 days in the year are workable as against 312 in Holland and 296 in Germany, while the working week is of forty hours in France as against 44 or 48 in other countries. French workmen do not seem to be very assiduous at their work. The *Figaro* referred to the building of houses of similar type, the erection of which required 7,000 hours in Germany, 8,000 hours in Great Britain and 14,000 hours in France. It must not be thought that this laxity is due to workmen being underpaid. According to a report presented by Louvel, a former Minister of Industry, wages were 10 per cent. higher than in Germany, 27 per cent. than in Holland, 33 per cent. than in Italy and about 8 per cent. lower than in England. Unfortunately, the French spend as much as 60 per cent. of their salaries on food, while in England the amount is about half that figure. In a series of articles published in the *Aurore* last February Jules Romains alluded to the extravagance of the average Frenchman as regards his dietary. He pointed out that while prior to the war the daily consumption of bread per head was of about 900 gr., this had decreased to 250 gr., necessitating more expensive food. Their prodigality and loose habits, he affirmed, had become generalized from the time the "front populaire" was formed, and now even students claim a salary for the service they render to the community by consenting to be instructed. We all wish strength to the elbow of the Finance Minister who promises to infuse fresh vigour to the national economy. It is the slothfulness against which he is militating, rather than the fear of a re-emergence of German militarism, which opposed the European army scheme—a preliminary to the economic integration of the continent, the realisation of which will necessitate greater efforts if they are to hold their own in competition with their more laborious neighbours.

Unthriftiness has become general; this may be due to the repeated devaluation of the currency. This year's budget has a deficit of over 800 milliards. The former Prime Minister, M. Pinay, mentioned a public

contract secured by some industrialists for 77 millions, when other contractors had submitted tenders of 6 to 10 millions for the same work, and appealed that such methods should be revised. His insistence on a change was the main cause of his exclusion from office. A newly formed political group published a manifesto asserting: "Le système ne peut et ne veut rien faire, car il en est complice, complicité matérielle fondée sur les crimes et les vols réalisés en commun." A former Minister of Aviation in de Gaulle's government had expended some 150 million francs and was responsible for the construction of 3,125 'planes which were thrown on the scrap-heap. A report was drawn up by an investigating committee and he was to be arraigned before a high Court, but the report was surreptitiously removed. Deputy Bardoux interpellated the government on its disappearance and demanded a new one. The affair was hushed up, though the Press had commented at length. The *Nouveaux Jours* last January affirmed: "There are at least twenty *affaires Stavisky* which have occurred since the liberation, but all have been hushed up."

France has been living beyond her means and she was encouraged in her spendthrift ways by the inordinate amount of American help granted to her — \$10,900 millions since April, 1948. The influx of unearned money always encourages profligacy, as happened in the case of Bulgaria after the granting of the League of Nations loans to her, as was related by the present writer in a book on that country. We may be confident that a policy of austerity and retrenchment would follow if only the waters of the American Pactolus were to be diverted to other fields. But squandermania is not a fatal disease, and there are evils by far more deadly. Some 25 years ago Paul Bareaud published an elaborate study of conditions prevailing in France under the title "Towards Moral Bankruptcy." "Three chief evils," he says, "have thriven on our soil and breed what may be called the great sickness of France: sexual license, alcoholic intemperance and the lack of power to establish a central authority at once representative and able to defend the collective interest of the country." As regards alcoholism, the evil has grown truly alarming, as was revealed during the anti-alcoholic congress held in Paris on September, 1952. The annual consumption of alcohol has risen to 27 litres per head as against 4½ in Great Britain. If women, children and elderly people, who drink moderately or abstain are deducted, it is reckoned that each adult male absorbs the stupendous quantity of 60 litres. Dr. Laforest declared that the population is in a state of alcoholic intoxication, mean, chronic or excessive. Farmers and peasants are permitted to possess stills and each to distil 10 litres of alcohol for private use. There were some 3½ million private distillers in 1952. There is one public bar to 68 inhabitants as against one for 430 in Great Britain. M. Pinay declared last year that this excessive indulgence in spirits costs annually 132 milliard francs to the budget and a further 325 milliards through a diminution in production. Despite these staggering facts nothing is done to check the evil. Under pressure of beet-growers and viticulturists the state continues to encourage the production of alcohol from beets and wine which it disposes of at a huge loss. Prospects for the future are not bright if no radical change occurs, and the collective acceptance of these abuses is a most ominous portent.

Malmaison.

G. C. LOGIO.

ISRAEL—A PEOPLE IN THE MAKING

ON 12th February, 1954, the Prime Minister of Israel Mr. Moshe Sharett summarized the main tasks confronting the nation as follows: political and military vigilance, the developing and balancing of the country's economy, the welding together of all the ingathered tribes of Israel into one nation, paving the way for increased immigration and the forming of stronger ties with World Jewry. Of these, the welding together of immigrants from 74 countries and all five continents is by no means the least important. For in the difficult problems which face the Israelis on all levels, political, economic and spiritual, it is the spirit of the nation that will count in the long run. Responsible leaders are fully aware of this. Only a few months ago, Mr. Ben Gurion, on the occasion of his first public appearance since his retirement, emphasized the fact that the morale of the nation is of paramount importance. The tenacious few who have an ideal to defend always have an advantage over the uncaring many. It was, therefore, essential that ethical standards should be kept high in every field. This included political action in the widest sense of the word: agricultural settlement in difficult areas, active participation in the government, the crushing of all vestiges of community segregation, the combating of "Jewish anti-semitism," for it was untrue to say that Jews had any intrinsic difference according to their country of origin.

The State of Israel which was so unexpectedly founded on 14th May, 1948, did not spring into being complete as Athene from the head of Zeus. It required 70 years of immediate and almost 2,000 years of distant preparation. Throughout the long period of the second exile the Jewish liturgy with its plaintive cry, "Next year in Jerusalem", had served to focus the attention of the people on the Holy Land. When Theodor Herzl conceived the idea of a Jewish State the ground was well prepared. From then onward the straggling immigration to Palestine, which throughout the centuries had been actuated by religious considerations, was replaced by a more forceful movement, the motive power of which was nationalistic rather than religious. In great waves, originating in different countries, the immigrants came to Palestine. The earliest settlers hailed from Russia. They founded the first communal settlement or *kibbutz*, Deganya in 1909, now famous as "the mother of the kibbutzin". They were followed by middle class elements from Poland, Roumania and the Baltic States. The National Socialist persecution in Germany gave rise to an immigration of hitherto unheard of dimensions. Immigrants from the Balkans succeeded the Germans, and when the infant State of Israel promulgated the famous "Law of Return," which allowed every Jew the right to settle in Israel, the population was doubled within 3½ years. To convey an idea of the rate of immigration, it has been reckoned that Jews came at the rate of 23 per hour, every hour of the day and night for 3½ years. To-day Israel has 1,670,000 inhabitants, 89 per cent., i.e. 1,480,000 of whom are Jews, and 11 per cent., i.e. 186,000 non-Jews. As slightly more than half of these immigrants came from Asia and Africa, from Iraq, Yemen, Algeria, Libya and other countries, their standard of civilisation is below that of the European Jews. In their country of origin they were mainly small-scale business men or masters of a special craft, e.g. the

Yemenites are famous for their exquisite embroidery, which is not only used for clothes but also for objects connected with the cult. The state is therefore faced with the gigantic task of educating the children of these immigrants—and indeed the parents—in modern standards of hygiene, work and general living. It is by no means easy to bridge a gap of 2,000 years of civilisation in a handful of years. This policy is speeded up quite consciously in the realisation that it is the general tendency in the Orient today to adopt Western standards. "Judging from experience obtained during the thirty years of Jewish immigration under the British Mandate, and especially during the years since the establishment of the State, the outlook seems hopeful. The metamorphosis which children of whatever country or origin undergo within a few months of their arrival is amazing. They are quick to assume a likeness to the Israel-born children, not only in speech but also in mannerisms, appearance, games, songs and even looks."*

The visitor to Israel today cannot but be aware of this mixture of peoples of one stock. If he is ignorant of Hebrew, he will be able to converse freely with the older generation if he commands either English, French, German or Russian. A fairly general knowledge of English dates from the mandatory period. French has often been learnt in mission schools. A large and in fact the most homogeneous section of the population, which has given the country three ministers, comes from Germany, and if everything else fails, the *Govoritje vy pa-russki?* will immediately evoke a response from Russians as well as Slavs from the Balkans.

The diversity in culture is reflected in the press. More than 300 periodicals are published in Israel today. About two-thirds of them are in Hebrew, while the remainder are published in fifteen languages. There are fifteen dailies six of which are printed in Hebrew, while the rest are in foreign languages: two each in German and Yiddish, and one each in English, Arabic, French, Polish and Hungarian. Some of these papers, like the *Jerusalem Post* and the German *Mitteilungsblatt*, reach a very high standard.

In this land of contrasts there are in the main four unifying forces: a common language, Hebrew, a common land, a unified school, and military service, 2½ years for young men, and 2 years for girls. The education of the rising generation has been one of the main concerns of the government since the foundation of the State. As early as September, 1949, a law was passed which established universal, free and compulsory primary education for all children from 5 to 14, without distinction of religion, race or sex. The implementation of this law has only been possible as there existed at least the basis of a modern system of education, which had been built up by the Jewish community during the previous thirty years. The various existing schools were divided into "trends". "There were four main trends or distinct classes of schools with political affiliation, each with its particular curriculum, each supervised by a different public or semi-public body, each drawing its pupils and support from different sections. 1,600 were of the labour trend (*Histadrut*); 600 belonged to the "general trend"; there were 560 in the Mizrahi orthodox trend; and 260 in the ultra-orthodox

* *A Survey of Education in Israel* by Noah Nardi, Ph.D. quoted in Jewish Agency News Digest, 14.5.52.

group run by Agudat Yisrael. There were also some 130 independent schools."^{*}

In 1954 the trend system was officially abolished and schools put under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Ministry of Education which lays down the curricula and appoints and supervises the work of the teachers. The Act provides for a network of state religious schools to meet the needs of the orthodox part of the community. The Ministry of Education only lays down 75 per cent. of the curricula. The balance is drawn up by each school according to the wishes of the parents and allows emphasis on agriculture, social science, handicrafts and the like, as the case may be. Only recently, in July, 1954, did *Zmanim*, the organ of the Progressive Party, point out that the agricultural and fishing schools, whose graduate pupils have the right to be admitted to the Faculty of Agriculture at the Hebrew University, are on no lower level than the ordinary secondary schools. In the latter Arabic and English are taught in addition to Hebrew, and economics are included in the curriculum. The study of classics is reserved for the university where, for obvious reasons, oriental studies are preferred by the majority of students. There is an acute shortage of teachers, which is no matter for surprise, since from May, 1948, to May, 1954, school attendance has grown from 97,000 to over 365,000. There are frequent complaints that the children are unruly and difficult to manage, especially as a general standard of behaviour has not yet been evolved, and many of the immigrants have suffered from persecution. However, the young Israelis, whether *sabras*, i.e. Israeli born, or immigrants, are intensely nationalistic, and an appeal to their patriotism does not fail to have its effect.

If the young have no difficulty in learning Hebrew and making it often their sole means of expression, the older immigrants find it very difficult to master a language which is in most cases so basically dissimilar to their own. Before the establishment of the State it was quite possible to get along with a smattering of Hebrew or even none at all, though members of the Hebrew University were always required to deliver their lectures in Hebrew. But since 1948 the need to push Hebrew as the national language has become imperative. On the adult level a network of evening classes was devised, which covered the whole country, not only the larger towns like Jerusalem, Tel Aviv and Haifa, but every settlement and transition camp (*ma'abara*). For the benefit of professionals and skilled immigrants, such as doctors, technicians, lawyers, and engineers an ingenious system of intensive courses was evolved. These take place in special schools, where the students have board and lodging for four to five months with about eight hours of daily instruction and study for six days a week. These schools, called "*Ulpanim*" (houses of learning), have proved most successful, and recently more modern types combining work on the land and study have been developed. Thus the country is provided with skilled workers, who are essential for the future of the State. For Israel stands in full need of the intellectual capacity of its nationals. The State cannot afford to do without intelligent planning, for the soil is poor, and any grants or loans from abroad must be invested with the utmost degree of skilled knowledge.

* Quoted from *Israel*, 1954, published by the Press Division, Government Information Services.

In the Israel of today the worker on the land must be assisted by the intelligent planner. Up to the end of 1953 some 7,000 adults have attended Ulpanim, and beginners in Hebrew are helped by the publication of a simplified "vowelled" Hebrew newspaper. The seventh year of the state was proclaimed "Hebrew Language Year", the target being to teach every Israeli at least 1,000 words of Hebrew. One of the latest features of the popular Hebrew education will be "Family circle study groups" i.e. instruction in Hebrew given in the home itself, and volunteers from among teachers and other qualified persons are much in demand.

The land, the Holy Land, itself, has always had a special meaning for the Jew, and throughout the centuries of exile many of those who were not privileged to live there went there to die. Today this land has acquired a new significance, not only as the scene of sacred history but as the scene of recent achievement. The story of the reclaiming of the land, the War of Independence and the building of the State is as fascinating as any ancient epic, and may well fire the imagination of the young Israelis. It is no mere coincidence that the new educational syllabus lays great stress on the geography of Israel, which will serve as a kind of new "educational background". It is by living in this land and with it that Israelis of whatever origin will grow into a homogeneous people, conscious of its contribution to the comity of nations.

IRENE MAZINOFF.

A VISIT TO RUSSIA

MORE persons are going to the Soviet Union from Western European countries, including Britain, than of late. These are not mere political delegations and trade union groups being led sheep-like around the show factories and collective farms, nor are they ailing agitators proceeding on health cures. They include numbers of legitimate businessmen, genuine student bodies, sports representatives and journalists. Recent activity in the export of non-strategic goods to Russia, coupled with the visit of a large group of executives led by the redoubtable Mr. Scott, has tended to give the impression that Britain is the prime mover in the examination of this sensitive trade potential. Visits by much larger bodies of super-salesmen have, however, been taking place for some time from France, Italy and particularly the Scandinavian countries. They have achieved little publicity but considerable success; the large airfreighted loads of bullion arriving in Paris from a Moscow bank testify to this.

An opinion, at first unfashionable but now widely held in Western Europe, is that Russian gold is equally as golden as that which reposes deep beneath the ground at Fort Knox, so that any share of it, in return for material other than that which might make a direct contribution to Soviet war potential, is a desirable thing. Within the last four months this trade has assumed a definite pattern and Russian ports are seeing increasing numbers of ships from the Western countries. Vast quantities of Australian wool had been arriving in Black Sea ports, hauled in cargo liners of a type not normally diverted so far off a semi-scheduled rung, although this trade has now ceased following the fracture of Australian-Soviet relations. Full cargoes of New Zealand butter are due shortly and consignments of meat,

following a recent Soviet negotiation in the Antipodes, are on the way. The 1947 Wheat Agreement brought larger numbers of British ships to Russian ports, but these were almost entirely of the bulk "tramp" type, while the current visitors are unmistakably liners.

All these foreigners penetrating the Iron Curtain have occasioned a sharp increase in the activities of that remarkable Russian Government institution known as Intourist. Intourist has never ceased functioning, not even during the War, but its London and Paris offices—which handled a considerable volume of inquiry in pre-War days—have not been re-opened. This was one of the matters I discussed at length, quite informally, with Intourist officials during my visit to Southern Russia at the close of 1953. Rarely noted for a high standard of efficiency, Intourist may be regarded as labouring along with faltering steps beneath a great weight of bureaucracy, and it is in no condition as yet to re-open its "show-windows" in the West.

I was informed that Intourist would establish a large headquarters on the "Red Riviera" in the city of Odessa with the object of handling increasing numbers of foreign tourists who would, they correctly assumed, desire to travel on to Stalingrad to view the almost completed reconstruction work, and the famous "Sword of Stalingrad", which is conspicuously displayed with a plaque in Russian and English. Intourist also believe that foreign visitors would benefit from the longer season in the South, and would certainly desire to visit the Crimea and such places of recent historical interest as Yalta. To this end Intourist has taken over the larger and better of the two reasonable hotels in the city of Odessa. It is called the "Hotel Odessa", but until 1950 was known as the "Hotel London". The organisation has established itself in this hotel's precincts, and operates from a few converted offices with a severe and somewhat forbidding appearance.

It might appear as if the Curtain is about to be raised on unrestricted travel into the Soviet Union. Several unsolved questions remain, however, before the surprisingly high number of applicants for Russian tours can be accommodated. Before the War, when travel to Russia was quite unrestricted (parties left London every day, mainly journeying by steamer to Leningrad) the costs were attractively low and payment was largely by vouchers obtained in advance from Intourist offices abroad. The 1954 rates of exchange present a very different proposition. The Soviet Government, of course, makes the rate of exchange suit itself, and it bears no resemblance to the true state of affairs to be encountered within the country—the purchasing power of the rouble or the cost of living.

Since about July, 1953, the rate of exchange has been 11 Roubles 20 Kopecks to the Pound, or 4 Roubles to the Dollar. With prices as they stand at present in Russia, no British tourist with a £50 currency allowance (the Chancellor of the Exchequer added Russia and other Iron Curtain countries to the basic list for which the allowance was applicable last October) could survive for more than four days. He would encounter, even allowing for the fact that a return ticket to Moscow or Odessa will have been paid in sterling, travelling expenses within Russia and there are high. A single air ticket ("Hard" air class) from Moscow to Odessa, or vice-versa, would cost him 180 Roubles; to Stalingrad at least 250 Roubles.

Railway fares in "Soft" class are about the same, but meals in the restaurant cars bought on an *à la carte* basis can run away with 100 Roubles. Taxis, which have become plentiful, cost 2 Roubles per Kilometre, while Intourist hotel bedrooms cost 30 Roubles a night. No reasonable meal can be procured for less than 20 Roubles. The £50 allowance converts into 560 Roubles, and it is easy to see how soon this would be exhausted, even without attempting the purchase of consumer goods—the prices of which are astronomical.

Mr. Scott's famous party of businessmen lived well and entertained fairly lavishly; they barely managed on £40 a day. Independent travellers who lived sparingly just scraped by on £9 a day. One amazing individualist who made quite an elaborate tour of the Soviet Union recently in a successful attempt to sell them whisky and wine lived only by selling his clothing, while I must confess to having parted with two old pullovers in what the Russians call "Private-Enterprise Second-Hand Shops" for fantastic prices—one three-year-old woollen sweater fetching no less than 120 Roubles. There is no doubt whatever that the true rate of exchange should be 50 Roubles to the Pound, and if the Soviet Government is sincere in its suggestion that it would welcome non-political tourists, then it must obviously make a "concession rate" around this figure. I made these points as firmly as possible, and no doubt they have been made at higher levels both before and after, but the results appear to be the familiar ones we expect when dealing with Soviet officialdom.

In any approaches to, or negotiations with, Russians, one must appreciate that we cannot hope to understand the Russian mind. It would seem that the country may be likened to a vast bottle of milk; in 1917, the cream was forcibly and wantonly emptied out into other parts of the World; the weakened milk then stood for two generations until more cream formed, but this new cream is sour and heavy, repellent at close range, and bitter at all times. Beneath the sour cream is a certain amount of frustrated rich milk, about to become soured in turn. It is at this level that some headway may occasionally be made however, and some surprising revelations are thrown out from time to time.

One Intourist official, well saturated in his country's doctrinaire beliefs but apparently genuinely disturbed at the prospect of British tourists being able to live only four days in his "glorious land," suddenly suggested the solution. Since the British Government was at fault, he said, in prohibiting the export of more than £50, then the tourists must bring out £5 notes in their shoes. I wondered if Russian citizenry who might practice this sort of thing with 100 Rouble notes in the toes of their boots when going through the Curtain on a tight leash would be dealt with leniently. Another more junior official made the more practical suggestion (none too flattering to his side) that British tourists should equip themselves with quantities of old clothing to sell on arrival.

The Russians have surely only themselves to blame for the wide misconceptions that exist in the Western World about conditions in their country. Their overweighted bureaucracy and suspicious treatment of foreigners, coupled with the fact that almost all Russians stare blatantly at foreign visitors in the streets and on public transport, has given birth to the unshakable belief that all foreigners are followed from the moment of

their arrival to the instant of departure. With the many thousands of Westerners in the country at the present time, members of the MVD would have an extremely busy job tracking every foreigner during his various daily movements. Foreigners are not, of course, followed in Russia, except for notable persons and diplomats in Moscow, who have a police guard. It is easy enough to check on foreigners' movements since they cannot purchase long-distance train and 'plane tickets without the aid of Intourist, who arrange police formalities. But there is no question of "shadows" for ordinary visitors, although on returning to France or Britain it is impossible to convince the average person of this fact. Nor is it true, except at the main centres of Moscow where observation is intense, that Russians will not speak to or mix with foreigners. On the "Red Riviera" especially Russians are often quite friendly, and I have visited Russian homes on invitation after meeting people at the Opera or in offices. There again the Russians are largely to blame for the misconception, since they have for so long confined accredited correspondents to a small area of Moscow, where their outlook has been necessarily narrow. If the total press force representing a foreign country were restricted to a small area of London where, for example, the sounding of motor horns was prohibited, they might be excused for reporting on return to their own country that that is the case in Britain as a whole. The Russian language, by its very difficulty, is as much a barrier as the Iron Curtain itself. So few foreigners can manage to speak it that dependence on an interpreter, invariably supplied by Intourist or the police, is essential in most cases. Even more misconceptions accrue from this arrangement, for the interpreters tend to be dogmatic and chosen for their thorough degree of saturation in Soviet theories. No one can break through the crust of an Intourist interpreter, but even if they did, they would find them shallow, untravelled, and singularly ignorant. Much more accurate information and useful assistance is to be had from Russians in semi-authority who speak French—learned from their parents in pre-Revolutionary days.

One persistent misconception, even among the numbers of businessmen leaving for Russia every week these days, is that one cannot post letters, or expect to receive them, while in the Soviet Union. Mailing facilities are almost efficient, and letters to and from England, which take from 4 to 10 days in transit, show no traces of being tampered with. The reason why delays occur is simply that no through airmail service has existed until very recently. However, this spring, one of the results of the tourist negotiations has borne fruit. The Scandinavian Airlines System have finally persuaded the Russians to provide a daily connection with the S.A.S. plane from London, and it is now possible to reach Moscow in 10 hours every weekday with one change of plane at Helsinki. The Helsinki-Moscow section is completed by a twin-engined Ilyushin aircraft belonging to the Soviet airline Aeroflot. Perhaps even more important, and indicative of a modicum of East-West co-operation, is the fact that Aeroflot are granting a 5 per cent. commission on bookings over their routes to Western Agents for the first time in history.

Aeroflot officials have admitted recently that they have much to learn from the west in the operation of civil aircraft. I saw no four-engined civilian planes in Russia, and from all accounts they do not exist. Recently,

the senior officials of Aeroflot have been touring Western Europe and the Far East, visiting airports and examining modern equipment. There are strong rumours of more direct connections as at Helsinki, while the French airline Air France has been given rights to operate direct to Moscow from Paris at an early date. More rumours, current in Paris and Rome, speak of the possibilities of a Comet service to Moscow from a Western Capital before the end of 1954. It is unfortunate that some opinions in the United States view these developments with alarm, for they actually represent real progress towards co-existence, an ideal which Sir Winston Churchill has said can and must be attained if the World is to survive. It would be far more satisfactory if the section of American opinion which is critical would gather its powers of salesmanship together and enter the general race for Russian business. I feel sure that American paint and advertising displays liberally applied to the drab and dowdy Russian scene would do much towards promoting improved relations and some kind of understanding. Except for the newer areas of such cities as Stalingrad, Kiev, and Odessa, there is a crying demand for great quantities of good quality paint. Admittedly, there is little as yet to advertise, and this very absence of advertising makes the visitor realise how important a part it plays in Western life by creating markets and serving as well as snaring the public.

British paint salesmen have been unsuccessful in Russia during the winter, except with a rich red product. It is a point worthy of note that the word "Red" in Russian (Krasnoya) can also mean beautiful, but in the case of a certain hotel I visited in Odessa—which has been earmarked by Intourist for its anticipated expansion—it seems it must mean only "Red." Another trend which provides more hope for a basis of agreement and understanding between East and West is the slight lessening of weighty preponderance in Soviet literature and music. This was first noted by observers soon after the death of Stalin, but is now becoming apparent with the production of magazines for public consumption on bookstalls throughout the Soviet Union which, although they could in no way be considered light, might be somewhat less funereal and politically dogmatic. With the "heat" turned off Britain and France, it is slightly less fierce against America in the theatre and Opera. A friend of mine saw "Madame Butterfly" at the Odessa Opera two years ago, and noted how Chu-Chu-San—after the last departure of Pinkerton—dropped a Stars and Stripes onto the stage and trampled it for some moments. When I saw this Opera magnificently performed at the same theatre recently, Madame Butterfly merely let the small silken flag flutter from her limp hand into the orchestra pit.

K. WESTCOTT JONES.

THE YOUTH OF LOUIS XV—II

IT would have been almost a miracle if the inexperienced Queen had avoided all the pitfalls in her path. Gratefully aware that she owed her promotion to the Duc de Bourbon, she assumed that her friendly feelings were shared by her husband. Soon after her marriage she asked him which of his Ministers enjoyed his confidence so that she might know

whom she could trust. "How do you like M. de Fleury?" she enquired. "Beaucoup." "And M. le Duc?" "Assez." Though the curt reply should have convinced her that the latter was out of favour, she unwittingly allowed herself to be used by him and his mistress Mme. de Prie. The King, they complained, never worked alone with his First Minister; Fleury was always present and was constantly with him for hours on the pretext of lessons. The kindly and unsuspecting Queen sent a message asking the King to her apartment. There he found the Duke who expressed a hope that he would allow her to stay. "Stay," replied the King coldly. She had already reached the door and sat down as far away as possible. The tactless Duke, blissfully unaware that he was skating on very thin ice, presented a letter from Cardinal Polignac attacking Fleury. The King read it and returned it without a word.

The Duke. What do you say to this letter?

The King. Nothing.

The Duke. What is your will?

The King. Things to remain as they are.

The Duke. So I have the misfortune to displease you?

The King. Yes.

Realising his *faux pas* the tactless offender fell on his knees and begged for pardon. "I pardon you," rejoined the King, and left the room. The Duke had signed his political death warrant.

Fleury expected some hostile manoeuvre and welcomed it when it came, for it had always been his tactic to wait for the clumsy rival to break his neck. When he attempted to visit the Queen he was not admitted. He promptly ordered his carriage, leaving a brief note for the King. "As my services appear to be useless I beg permission to end my days with the Sulpicians." The King shut himself up and gave way to tears. "Sire," exclaimed the First Gentleman of the Chamber, "are you not the master? Order M. le Duc to go and fetch M. de Fréjus this moment and you will see him back." The Duke sulkily obeyed and next day Fleury returned in triumph. After this dramatic intermezzo it was clear that he would be in full command as soon as he wished.

To spare her father's feelings Marie Leczinska concealed the atmospheric change since her ill-advised championship of her benefactor. Writing to his agent Marshal de Bourg Stanislas complained that Fleury exceeded his functions and was inconsiderate to the Duke: happily, he added, the King continued and increased his love for the Queen. The troubled woman consulted the veteran Marshal Villars, who declared that the King had a cold heart and advised her to seek an interview with Fleury. The Bishop, fully understanding that she had been merely the innocent tool of the Duke and his mistress, was kind and fatherly, but argued that Mme. de Prie and Pâris-Duverney were doing harm and ought to be dismissed. They were members of her circle, interjected the Queen, and would feel hurt if they had to go. That would have to come, rejoined the Bishop, adding that the coolness of the King was not his fault. Once again she sought counsel from Marshal Villars, who advised her to make friends with Fleury as the only way to keep the King. The same prudent counsel came from her father. Everyone knew that the days of M. le Duc were numbered, and on June 11, 1726, the blow fell. Louis XV always

took time to make up his mind about the dismissal of a Minister, maintaining pleasant relations till the last moment and then launching his thunderbolt. The exile of the Duke to his estates was followed by a clean sweep of his entourage. Mme. de Prie was ordered to her home in Normandy where she died in the following year, and Pâris-Duverney spent a short time in the Bastille. The Queen was informed of the changes in a curt letter from the King. "Madame, I pray you, and if necessary I order you, to receive what the ex-Bishop of Fréjus will tell you in my name as if it were myself. Louis." Villars, to whom she showed it, found her in tears. For the next seventeen years her relations with the omnipotent Minister were sufficiently correct to avoid the King's displeasure, but she never learned to think of him as a disinterested friend.

The Fleury era had begun. Since the death of the Regent he had monopolised the King's favour, and at the age of seventy-three he emerged as the unchallenged ruler of France. After the fireworks of the Regency and the shoddy intermezzo of Mme. de Prie, his mild sway was a relief. Such undynamic figures excite neither enthusiasm nor violent hostility. At the first meeting of the Conseil d'Etat after the eviction of M. le Duc the King, aged sixteen, expressed his pleasure at the restoration of the system of Louis XIV, who never appointed a Premier Ministre. Requests should henceforth be addressed to himself, and stated times would be allotted to the Ministers who would transact their business in the presence of Fleury. He was deluding himself, for the change was not of a system but of men. There was no need for Fleury to assume the title of Premier Ministre, for his influence surpassed that of any statesman since Mazarin. For the present there was neither a mistress in the wings nor a political rival to challenge his sway. Anchored in his pupil's confidence he could perform his task without fear of being stabbed in the back. Of all the many servants of Louis XV he alone inspired in him some measure of affection. So impregnable was his position that the discredited Duc de Bourbon was allowed to reappear at Court, and the seal was placed on his triumph by the coveted Cardinal's hat. His honours were not undeserved. The desire of France for a rest cure, peace abroad and economy at home, harmonised with his instinct for a quiet life. He cared little for money, disdained pomp, and bore himself modestly to all men, and even hardened intriguers realised that it was useless to plot his overthrow. His advanced age tended to diminish jealousy. Yet the tough old man stood at the helm for seventeen years and presided over the happiest phase of an unhappy reign. The young King, bored by business, was only too glad to leave the task of government in his hands and to enjoy life in his own way. The earliest and most significant achievement of the Fleury régime was the stabilisation of the currency after a period when the title of a coin indicated different values at different times. It was now decreed that a louis (pound) was the equivalent of twenty-four livres (francs) and the écu (crown) the equivalent of six. The generation of almost unbroken peace enjoyed by France between the Marlborough war and the War of the Austrian Succession enabled the new system to take such firm root that it remained intact till the Revolution. The new-born confidence in the currency was a prime factor in the rapid development of commerce witnessed in eighteenth century France, since it enabled long term contracts to be made and kept.

The condominium of the aged Cardinal and the youthful monarch is most fully and most vividly described in the voluminous journal of d'Argenson, as observant a witness as Saint-Simon himself. He, too, is a hanging judge, and Fleury is presented as a feeble old man nearing his dotage. "One of the most ridiculous spectacles of the time," records the diarist in 1731, "is the *petit coucher* of M. le Cardinal. Though he is in sole command his only title is Minister of State. All France and the whole Court crowd his anteroom. His Eminence enters his cabinet, the door is opened and you see this old priest take off his trousers, don a shabby dressing gown and shirt, comb his four white hairs. He chats, repeats his old anecdotes, makes bad jokes interlarded with sugary commonplaces and the gossip of the town." Yet d'Argenson was not wholly blind to his virtues. "He loves the King and the state, is honest and sincere, and wishes to be liked." France might well have seen a worse pilot at the helm.

D'Argenson, like most Frenchmen, had high hopes of the young King. "At the moment," he notes cheerfully in March 1730 when Fleury was ill, "he works with his Ministers, does it admirably, and reaches just decisions. He has an excellent memory for details. He displays great humanity and a sense of justice. Recently the Finance Minister proposed to discharge a debt of four years standing. Had interest been paid? inquired the King. No, replied Orry, that was not the custom." That was not fair, rejoined the King, who ordered the payment. People wonder if he will continue to work, or if his activity since the illness of the cardinal is simply like the fervour of the young priest. We must remember that he is almost without passions or dominant tastes, and apathy leaves a void which has to be filled. Business is presented to Kings without thorns. Their Ministers arrive with the work neatly arranged and he has merely to say Yes or No. No effort is required. He prefers conservation to acquisition. He is good-natured, shrewd, extremely discreet, the son of clever parents; he expresses himself well and listens to the smallest details. He thinks as quick as lightning, but so far he has not taken in very much as he dislikes long discussions. He has been charged with idleness and indifference, yet he displayed real feeling during the recent illness of the Dauphin and the Cardinal. He has long formed his scheme of life—amusing himself while he leaves the Cardinal to govern, knowing his probity and capacity, but when he goes he intends to shoulder the burden himself. We shall see if he keeps his word. He is a good judge of men and likes respectable folk such as the Cardinal and his valet Bachelier. His favourites are Soubise and Coigny, very decent young fellows. All this gives promise of a happy reign. God preserve him. It is hoped he will govern in person, like Louis XIV, for he does not need a First Minister. He is a man of sound sense, rather lazy yet anxious for the work to go well. He is reserved and discreet as the greatest Kings have been. The only person to whom he confides all his affairs is his valet Bachelier, who desires nothing for himself but all for the glory of his master, keeps his ears open and likes to know everything. He has little taste for study, but he has picked up enough geography and politics to make conversation with the King."

Though the monarch's liking and respect for his octogenarian Minister continued till the end, he came to share the general opinion that he had

lived too long. The first difference of opinion arose when the Cardinal advised the dismissal of Chauvelin, the ablest of the Ministers, on the ostensible ground that his policy involved a risk of war; but it no longer sufficed for him to express a wish. "The King," comments d'Argenson, "is more independent now he has a mistress; it is astonishing how it matures princes to possess a confidant. Moreover there will never again be so dissimulating a prince. Thus the Cardinal meets with silent but firm opposition which needs a good deal of time to overcome. The King is more inclined to serious things than people think. Chauvelin just suited him, as he is extremely supple and persuasive. What has he done wrong? The King finds in him *flair* and discretion, skill in lightening the burden of business, and a wide grasp of affairs. Who could replace him?" The King finally gave way, knowing that the Cardinal would not live long, and exiled Chauvelin to Bourges.

At the end of the thirties d'Argenson records a decline of Fleury's power. "His credit wanes from day to day," he notes in April, 1738, "and he confines himself to ecclesiastical affairs. He is losing flesh, which comes of living too long. The King puts up with him with growing impatience, and shows it by brusque replies or silence. Everyone expects the return of Chauvelin when the poor old fellow disappears. The King only sees him twice or thrice a week, and only about fifteen minutes alone. Power has sapped his good qualities, and he realises the insecurity of his tenure. The King hopes to drive him to resign by petty slights. His only real friend is the Queen. He remains because the King does not wish to seem ungrateful or to see him die of shock." Despite his failing powers the old man clung to his post like a limpet to a rock. "Supple as a glove, he swallows all the snubs. The nearer one is to him, the less one esteems him—mediocre but adroit, not cruel but malevolent. His only supporters are a few unworthy parasites." Severe as d'Argenson was on the Minister, he became ever more critical of the King. His greatest fault was his increasing indolence. "He rises at eleven," notes the diarist in August, 1739, "and leads a useless life. He steals from his frivolous occupations one hour of work; the sessions with the Ministers cannot be called work, for he lets them do everything, merely listening or repeating what they say like a parrot. He is still very much of a child." When this crushing verdict was pronounced the monarch was twenty-nine. He reigned but did not rule—a system of autocracy without an authentic autocrat.

While the King had too little to do and suffered from incurable *ennui*, the patient Queen was doing her duty and was systematically overworked. According to d'Argenson, not the most reliable of witnesses, the sorely tried woman exclaimed "*toujours coucher, toujours grosse, toujours accoucher.*" Whereas Louis XIV had only one legitimate child, his great-grandson was provided with ten. She bore her burden bravely, merely regretting that she had too many daughters and too few sons. After three years of married life she informed her father that no one had loved as she loved, but she was deluding herself. Louis XV was too selfish to be capable of giving or inspiring much love, and after seven years of matrimony she witnessed the first of a series of *liaisons* which lasted till her death and beyond. Much as she suffered she never allowed bitterness to poison her soul. During the King's frequent absences while she was tied to her base

by repeated pregnancies, she wrote daily to Fleury with news and tender messages. "Please ask him to think sometimes of a woman who loves him more than her life. My obedience is even more blind from affection than from duty." She also made constant enquiries about the Cardinal's health, addressing him as "*mon très cher ami*," "*mon chérissime ami*," signing herself "*la meilleure de vos amies*." If ever she needed advice, she added, she would apply to him. Her solid virtues—loyalty, modesty and kindness—won recognition beyond the walls of the palace, and the Parisian satirists sought more rewarding targets for their poisoned shafts. Her welcome on a visit to the capital in 1728—the first by a Queen of France for half a century—was a well deserved tribute to the success with which she had played her part. Critics she had in plenty, but no enemies, for she never tried or desired to ruin anybody's career.

The most strenuous but perhaps also the happiest phase of her married life was the decade of child-bearing. The nursery started in 1727 with twin girls, Louise Elizabeth and Henriette, sometimes called *Mme. Première* and *Mme. Seconde*, followed in 1728 by Louise Marie, who died at the age of five. The eagerly awaited Dauphin, who appeared in 1729, was greeted with illuminations in the capital and a thanksgiving service at Notre Dame attended by the King. The enthusiasm revealed a heritage of monarchical sentiment so strongly entrenched that it could only be destroyed over a long course of years by the King himself. The birth of a second son in 1730 caused scarcely less satisfaction, since child mortality was as high in crowded and insanitary palaces as in the hovels of the countryside. When the child passed away at the age of three the need of a second prince to secure the succession in the direct line was as urgent a ever, but it was not to be. Five princesses appeared within five years, Adelaide in 1732, Victoire in 1733, Sophie in 1734, Félicité, who died in infancy, in 1736, and Louise, "*Mme. Dernière*," in 1737. The younger girls—Victoire, Sophie, Félicité and Louise—were packed off by Fleury in 1738 to be educated at the abbey school of Fontevault, and it required a ruse on the part of the Queen to keep Adelaide at home. Not daring to ask her husband for such a favour the timid mother deputed her daughter to plead her own cause. The girl proceeded to waylay the King on his return from mass, kissed his hand, and wept. The plan succeeded, but the mass migration was a sore trial, all the more since visits from or to Fontevault were never arranged. Though Nattier was despatched to paint the girls, Félicité she never saw again, Victoire not for ten years, Sophie and Louise not for twelve. The excuse for this amputation of family life appears to have been Fleury's desire to avoid the expense of the inflated households deemed necessary for even the youngest members of the Royal Family. The King cared little for his children till they grew up. In the following year, 1738, Louise Elizabeth departed to marry a cousin in Madrid, leaving only her twin sister Henriette, the Dauphin and Adelaide at home. It is not surprising that the only surviving son held a special place in his mother's heart.

The Queen took little interest in affairs till the death of Augustus II, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, in 1733 afforded a possibility of her father's restoration to the throne. With its crazy tradition of elective monarchy, Poland suffered a major crisis every time its ruler passed away.

Stanislas, who had nothing to lose by failure, hurried to Warsaw and was elected for a second time. Though Louis XV felt no affection for his father-in-law, he welcomed the choice of a candidate so closely identified with France, but neither he nor Fleury was prepared to play for high stakes. Despite the appeals of Stanislas to his daughter to use her influence, only a small corps was despatched and only four million francs were supplied. "Must we ruin the King to aid his father-in-law?" exclaimed Fleury. A policy of limited liability was clearly the wisest course, for the strongest cards were in the hands of the rival candidate, Augustus III of Saxony. Russia, who had always backed the late King, was on the side of his son, and Sweden, whose warrior King had placed Stanislas on the throne, had fallen into the ranks of the minor states. A Russian army crossed the frontier and ordered a sparsely attended Diet to elect Augustus III. Stanislas took refuge in Danzig, whence he escaped in disguise on its surrender to the Russians after a long siege. For centuries the fortunes of Poland have been decided, not by the Poles, but by her more powerful neighbours. The fiasco was a keen disappointment to the Queen, not only for her father's sake, but because his success might have augmented her own slender store of prestige at Court. The easy-going Stanislas took his latest defeat philosophically, returned to his quiet life in France, and soon after received an unexpected consolation prize. When Francis, the reigning Duke of Lorraine, married Maria Theresa it was arranged that he should exchange his Duchy for Tuscany, where the Medici line became extinct in 1737. Lorraine was assigned to Stanislas, with remainder to France. For the rest of his life the cultivated and kindly old Epicurean made his little principality one of the happiest states in Europe, fostering agriculture, encouraging industry and the arts. The revenues of the state were transferred to France in return for a fixed annual allowance, and the First Minister, nominated by Fleury, was the virtual ruler of the country. The reign of the father-in-law of the King of France was a period of transition between the complete independence of the Duchy and its total absorption in France. Stanislas welcomed to his gay and tolerant little Court of Lunéville men of letters with Voltaire and Mme. du Châtelet, Montesquieu and Helvétius at their head. "I have been ill," reported Voltaire, "but that is a pleasure when one is a guest of the King of Poland. Nobody takes more care of his invalids. It is impossible to be a better King or a better man." That his morals were no stricter than those of other princes of the time left intact the respect in which he was held and the popularity he enjoyed.

France's next international commitment was a far more serious affair, for she was dragged into the long and costly War of the Austrian Succession. The Pragmatic Sanction had been made in vain, for when its author the Emperor Charles VI died in 1740 the crowned vultures flocked to the expected feast. The new Prussian King inaugurated his reign by the rape of Silesia, and the indignant Hapsburgs fought four wars during the next forty years in a vain attempt to recover it. Louis XV had as little passion for military glory as his Minister, who would have preferred to stand aloof, but the pressure of the war party led by Marshal Belle-Isle and the bellicose tradition of French policy proved too strong for him. However they might condemn the political morals of Frederick the Great, it was

unthinkable for France that he should be vanquished by the House of Hapsburg. It was one of the ironies of history that Fleury and Walpole, two of the most peace-loving of modern statesmen, should have closed their career by leading their respective peoples into unwanted wars. As he approached his ninetieth year the old Cardinal began to lose grip, and it was never in him to fight stubbornly even for causes in which he believed. "It is a painful task to govern mankind," he complained in 1742; "the news from Italy and Bohemia makes me dizzy. I almost feel that we are nearing the end of the world. With all the dark clouds on every side a far stronger head than mine is needed." One of his last acts was to write an abject letter to the Austrian Marshal Königsegg at the same moment that he was instructing Marshal Belle-Isle to make peace, whatever the price. To regard him as the principal author of the troubles in Germany, he declared, was an injustice. "Many people know how much I was opposed to the decisions we reached, and that I was in some measure forced to consent. Your Excellency can easily guess who did his utmost to determine the King to join a league which was so contrary to my inclination and my principles." The offender to whom he referred was Marshal Belle-Isle, who was entrusted with the negotiations. That his letter was promptly published by the Austrian Government was a shock to the distracted old man who had thereby weakened the bargaining power of France. He had lived too long; but though he died amid the thunder of the guns he ranks among the few French statesmen who strove in all sincerity to spare the lives and pockets of their countrymen. Supermen are seldom wise, little men rarely strong. Yet the passing of this well-meaning mediocrity left a vacuum which was not filled till Choiseul was called to the helm fifteen years later. That his master could fill it never occurred to him or to anyone else. The chief topic of conversation at Versailles was not the War of the Austrian Succession but the competition for the most glamorous and the most highly remunerated post at the Court of France.

G. P. GOOCH.

HENRY FIELDING

HENRY FIELDING, the bicentenary of whose death falls in October this year, was born, son of an officer of family who served in Marlborough's wars and afterwards became a general, at Sharpham Park, near Glastonbury, on April 22, 1707; but he spent most of his boyhood "by the pleasant banks of the sweetly winding Stour" in Dorset. He lost his mother at eleven; and was sent to Eton, and then to Leyden to study law. His father married a second time, and the sustaining of an increasing tribe of small stepbrothers and sisters made the maintaining abroad of a lad of twenty almost impossible. Henry returned to London with an alleged allowance of £200 a year "which anybody might pay who would." The young Fielding had good looks and obvious abilities, and a certain quality which never deserted him, even though the woes of his life modified and deepened his nature. When his witty and distinguished kinswoman, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, mourned his death with judicial calm, she said "his happy constitution (even when he had, with

great pains, half demolished it) made him forget every evil, when he was before a venison pasty, or over a flask of champagne; and I am persuaded he has known more happy moments than any prince on earth."

For such a sanguine nature destiny too often lays traps; and less zest might have bred more caution. The regulation course for a young man in Fielding's plight in the eighteenth century was to write a ponderous tragedy, in the full belief that it would make his fortune. Fielding surveyed his prospects, and the prospects of enjoyment that London life afforded to a man with money in his pocket, and wrote—a comedy. The comedy, "Love in Several Masques", was played at Drury Lane in February, 1728, and was the first of a long series of plays—plays which, for the most part, served their purpose of raising ready cash during the short runs of the eighteenth century theatre; then they were consigned to something very like oblivion in collected editions of Fielding's works. Sir Walter Scott (preparing "Lives of the Novelists") gave them a glance in 1825, and said they were pervaded by "an attribute something like dulness." Then in 1898 Bernard Shaw astonished, or tried to astonish, readers of the Preface to his "Plays Unpleasant" by speaking of "Henry Fielding, the greatest practising dramatist, with the single exception of Shakespeare, produced by England between the middle ages and the nineteenth century." Now it is often considered that the literary judgments of George Bernard Shaw shed more light on George Bernard Shaw than on what was supposed to be the object of them; it might, nevertheless, not be unprofitable to inquire why Shaw had reached this seemingly extravagant conclusion about Fielding as a dramatist. The truth is that Fielding's position in this matter is quite peculiar. There is no other body of work in English literature in which there is so much freshness, originality and wit, and which has sunk quite so irretrievably into dull forgetfulness, unread except by "students" (and the omnivorous G.B.S.). These plays are too often hastily assembled and flimsy sketches, lacking depth of conception. Yet, written though they were when Fielding's character was undeveloped and the powers which earned him a permanent place in English literature were more or less latent, they bear striking evidence of a characteristic tendency to take wide views, and at the same time to dissect and analyse, to question the value of social institutions.

The eighteenth century theatre was on the whole very limited in its scope, its subjects and its characters. "High life" was the orbit. An occasional country squire, a city merchant the writers could be permitted, mainly to show how far these rather unpleasant people fell short of the accepted standard of elegance. In the plays of Fielding, however, things are different. We find the struggling author (to become a conventional type, admittedly) arguing with his publisher about—can it be money?—and trying to get his play acted without cuts. Here goes the coffee house politician, reading dozens of newspapers a day, much more concerned about what is happening on the other side of Europe than his daughter's elopement; there a little bit of cheerful graft in the empanelling of juries is exposed. Then we find all mankind, from the hackney coachman to the lady of fashion, hanging on the chance of a £10,000 prize in the lottery coming up (a familiar ring about this, is there not?) and we go to Guildhall to attend the drawing of the winning numbers. Then we find ourselves

in an English country town, with the Mayor and local tradesmen counting the chances of feathering their nests in the imminent election. These particular scenes had for their object, as Fielding himself says, the emphasising of "the Calamities brought on a Country by general Corruption"—not a thing many authors seemed to concern themselves about in the eighteenth century.

"The freedom of the Stage," said the young satirist, "is, perhaps as well worth contending for as that of the Press." Fatal words! Fielding went on to attack Ministerial corruption, and even brought Sir Robert Walpole himself, in the slightest of disguises, on the stage in a quaint scene of "four patriots" converted to new opinions by the power of the purse. It was foolish to expect that those who were so unscrupulous in their general conduct of affairs would be inactive when their methods were publicly exposed. The "Licensing Act" was hurried through Parliament, and the vagaries of the censorship it imposed have been a constant subject of controversy from that day until near our own, when authority seems to have come to share the remarkable tolerance of the age and when audiences are not particularly interested in subjects which might inflame partisan passions. The unlucky Fielding, now in theatrical management on his own account at "the little Theatre in the Haymarket", had found a profitable vein in this satire of public affairs, which had taken the taste of the town and bestowed a deceptive prosperity upon him. The Licensing Act changed all that, and with its passing Fielding, who had no great reason to be pleased with his success with a more conventional type of play, virtually ceased to be a dramatist.

Fielding had no Boswell; and of his state of mind during this interlude, almost of frustration, between two different kinds of literary career we know nothing. That he should have married, when present supplies and the future were both so uncertain, was only to be expected; but the young lady whom he took from her quiet life in old Salisbury had, as well as much beauty, a little money. With the weight of family responsibilities upon him, yet with sufficient to tide over the present hour, he decided to take up his law books again—at thirty. He was in due course called to the Bar, and travelled the Western circuit. Presumably briefs did not shower upon the playwright turned barrister, but his brain was active, and the use of his pen had become a habit; and we imagine him more or less as a man casting about to give proper employment to those faculties, when fate and the spirit of the times provided them with it. It was indeed a momentous epoch in the literary history of the world. A stimulus was accidentally provided to two men apparently of glaringly contrasting characters, though—since they were both creative geniuses—many of the differences may have been superficial. Samuel Richardson was a London printer, essentially of the lower middle classes and raised to prosperity by industry and care (whereas Fielding was the patrician who had descended).

This finicky, vain, nervous little man used to write model letters for young women (they seem to have been many) he knew; and a publisher suggested a collection of these edifying epistles. He got very much more than he bargained for; for the collection transformed itself into a story, often mawkish, sometimes genuinely affecting, but of undoubted power, telling of a servant girl who resisted all the assaults of her young employer

upon her rather aggressive virtue, and reduced him to repentance and marriage. It is to be feared that Fielding was blind to the more delicate merits of this simple story, told with an almost Proustian particularity. He seized his pen and began a parody. The parody, in which a virtuous footman is of course unavailingly tempted by his mistress, grew into a longish narrative, full, it is true, of picaresque wanderings (like his successor Smollett, Fielding perhaps suffered from a surfeit of "*Don Quixote*", though the Spanish masterpiece may have been an indispensable departure for these early novelists); but containing also a wealth of description of contemporary life, done in a way which indicated an absolutely new sense of the value of such material for prose narrative. Among the characters of this novel, "*Joseph Andrews*", is the celebrated Parson Adams, an eccentric whom Dickens might have essayed to depict, but who appears here with a fulness and an impression of flesh and blood which Dickens could not, at any rate would not, have given him.

These two men, the little hypochondriac tradesman and the big tavern-haunting scholar and wit, of gentle stock, but whose life had manifestly taken a wrong twist, had between them (with perhaps another accident or two like the "*Manon Lescaut*" of the Abbe Prévost contributing) created the modern novel. In the first half of the eighteenth century they had provided the romantic movement with one of its most characteristic forms of expression. They had created a literary form which seemed to be all ready for millions destined to be born into an age of compulsory free education. In sum, the social and artistic implications of the matter were stupendous. It is not to be supposed that Fielding foresaw all this; but that he had a properly dignified sense of having found his true calling, and that a high one, is proved by the scope and form of his next and greatest work. In literary criticism of the traditional and conventional kind, praise is often heaped on the "plot" of "*Tom Jones*." It was held for a long time that this was the nearest to perfection of any such plot; but nowadays we should never think of either conceding or denying this claim. Perhaps, if we think about it at all, we may decide that it is far too complicated and contrived. The main thing is that Fielding knew how he was going to finish this very long though consistently entertaining work when he began it. The famous introductory chapters or essays to each section of the novel may not impress as once they did; but their appearance at regular intervals, and their style and content, do suggest an earnest preoccupation with questions of form, a salutary architectural passion. Here, evidently, was a conscious artist who respected the medium in which he worked.

Between the writing of "*Joseph Andrews*" and that of "*Tom Jones*" calamity had fallen upon Fielding—the death of his dearly-loved wife. Life had been very hard for this poor woman, of whom, across two centuries, we gain a haunting impression of beauty and loveliness. That Fielding was doing his best to establish himself in the world is certain; but there was a Micawberish strain in him which almost invited the unkindness of fate. Tradition tells of bailiffs in the house as the woman her husband was to immortalise as Sophia Western and Amelia Booth lay ill in bed; but if that is not true, at any rate perpetual vicissitude, insecurity and worry helped towards her death. Fielding's first burst of wild grief probably gave way to a settled dejection in which there was more than a tinge of remorse.

Without such bitter epochs and the self-searching which they bring, there may be no development of a creative gift. In addition, out of his downcast brooding may have sprung the subject of "Tom Jones." The novel, though embellished with adventure and description and the humours of subsidiary characters, is essentially a study of the relations of the sexes in the writer's own time—and perhaps no such study had ever before been undertaken with such deliberate intention and forceful execution in the history of the world's literature. Tom Jones himself, endowed by his creator with almost too many personal assets—for he is handsome, learned, accomplished, generous, manly and well-mannered—consistently betrays his love for the amiable and charming Sophia Western by his aptness to indulge in transient sexual adventures. Needless to say, the gods still are just, and these pleasant vices are turned into scourging rods, as the unheroic hero finds himself involved in progressing degradation. Disentanglement, repentance and the yielding of Sophia follow, it seems, far too quickly, far too mechanically; and this and Fielding's evident partiality for his hero obscure the intention which inspired the book. Also, Fielding was, as well as moralist and reformer, a matchless observer, of robust creative imagination, and it was not to be expected that his characters could be mere puppets to illustrate a thesis. Against all this is to be set, alas, that particular kind of insensibility, that complacent ignoring of "refinements of feeling", of the mere possibility of a higher plane of existence. There are no poets, no saints, in Fielding—any more than there are in Dickens; but that can be forgiven. What is worse is that he continually invents actions and situations which would be bearable, and understandable even, were they presented by a master of exact, penetrating and minute analysis, but which confound us when set down with a matter-of-fact, even schoolboyish, crudity. But what a book! These wanderings, these crossed passions of these very human beings, from the gorgeously conceived Squire Western to the strangely pathetic Molly Seagrim, amid the green fields of the West of England are to many almost like a slice of their own personal experience. In Fielding's other long novel, "Amelia", his obsession with the revered image of his dead wife, and with the idea of the frail "hero" finds even clearer expression. Possibly, by the side of "Tom Jones" it shows a falling-off, but there is something in the book's tone which suggests a further deepening in the author's sensibility (with Fielding one hardly dare talk of spiritual experience), and, as with Dickens, the possibility that in spite of great achievements, some work of profounder import remained to be done when death snatched the pen.

Shortly before the publication of "Tom Jones" Fielding had contrived to get himself made a justice of the peace for Westminster and Middlesex. This was an office which corresponded with that of a stipendiary magistrate now, with the difference that its holders were paid by fees from the parties in the cases. It was, at any rate, a stable settlement in life, though Fielding says that he reduced its income by "composing instead of inflaming the quarrels of porters and beggars"—thus following his theatrical attack on corruption by a practical example of personal disinterestedness, and proving himself a man above the common standards of the time. Much of the rest of his varied and strange life was occupied in delving in the alleys and gutters of crime and squalor in the London of the epoch; and delicate

persons complained that this strengthened his addiction to "low company"; but Fielding, as his novels show, had a catholic interest in humanity, and he took his office as a mission, his intellect, wide views and sense of the public interest enabling him to fill it with a peculiar distinction and lustre. The poverty, vice and misery of a large proportion of the people of London at that time can hardly be described; anyone apt to believe that it all began with the Industrial Revolution will be instructed, as well as appalled and fascinated by such a book as Mrs. George's "London Life in the Eighteenth Century." Also it seemed, as it seems now, that society was passing through a "crime wave." Fielding, after a little while in his new employment, brought out an "Enquiry in to the Causes of the Late Increase of Robbers."

We shall be disappointed if we expect something particularly modern and "enlightened" in Fielding's suggestions (if we may fairly couple the epithets). He indeed proclaimed that public executions were merely disgusting festivals, with not the slightest effect as warnings. He did not exclaim against the ferocity of the criminal law, though he was indeed scathing about its comically inefficient officers. The problem, indeed, was almost too great for anyone purely at practical grips with it to see any way out. Not content with criticism and satire, Fielding was active as a police officer, and broke up gangs of robbers and cut throats, making the first serious effort to combat the criminals of London, who were amazing in their effrontery and the reign of terror they imposed. How society held together at all is what baffles us now; it can barely be explained by the paradox that the law-abiding instincts of the great mass of the people were after all extremely powerful. But all Fielding's remarkable labours, artistic and practical, were drawing to a close. Whether heredity and misfortune were aided by the reckless course of his earlier life is not easy to decide; but he had jaundice, dropsy and asthma, all at once, and seemed to be a dying man.

The voyage to Lisbon happened to be a particularly convenient one at that time, and the climate was held favourable. Even Fielding's sanguine disposition did not persuade him to harbour great hopes of a cure, for the farewell he took of his younger children, who were not to accompany him, was to him secretly heart-rending and marked with finality. Even this tragic conviction and his maladies could not still his pen or quench his spirits, for the little journal he wrote of the voyage has much characteristic observation and acuteness. But it is mainly notable as the authentic and touching record of those melancholy days towards the end of so remarkable a life, and of an inspiring courage. His ship entered the Tagus on August 14; he died on October 8, and was buried at Lisbon,—in the English cemetery, but far from those English scenes he had depicted with the eager zest of an explorer in new regions of art. It may be that his limitations are as evident as his insight and his freedom from many of the prejudices and errors of his age; that his creative achievement bears a hint of incompleteness; and that the sphere in which his practical talents worked was a cramped and even compromising one; but there can be little doubt that it was a great man who died two hundred years ago.

AUSTRIA'S OIL AND THE SOVIET UNION

IN the federal state of Lower Austria—reaching almost the boundary of the 21st district of Vienna—and in the Burgenland are the Soviet oil concessions. Partly these are described as “German or Germanised property”, partly they are new acquisitions. The area concerned is so large that Austrians refer ironically to the tenth federal state “minus loyalty”. Austria's importance for present-day oil production in Europe may be assessed from the statements of two Government spokesmen, one of them Oskar Helmer, Minister of the Interior. Both of them compared the petrol production of their country to that of Rumania. This remark led to the most fantastic conclusions. Since the Rumanian oil production is given as 6 million tons—though it is by no means clear where reality ends and propaganda begins—it was suddenly reported that Austria, too, was able to produce six million tons. Exact figures are not available, and no production results are published by the SMV (Soviet Mineral Oil Administration) which is in sole control. Everyone of their Austrian officials, employees and workers is pledged to complete silence. The Soviets are very strict on this point. A conspicuously large percentage of Austrians kidnapped by the Russians were people who knew the oil situation particularly well and probably talked more than their employers liked. Even old Communists are not safe from purges and espionage trials in this field. Well-tested Party workers were placed in the SMV headquarters and administrative offices, so that no outsider should have access.

When other Soviet-controlled industries were forced, by lack of profit, to dismiss large numbers of their workers and propaganda reasons made it impossible to exclude Communists, some of the most deserving Party members were transferred to executive positions in the SMV, while the supreme authority is obviously in the hands of Soviet officials. By and large, a uniformly red colour is a matter of principle. Thus the “freely elected” workers councils usually show a political complexion very different from that of their electors. The sober estimates of Austrian experts concerning the crude oil production—set out below in tons—speak more eloquently than the countless rumours:—

1945	455,000	1950	1,700,000
1946	845,000	1951	2,280,000
1947	910,000	1952	2,800,000
1948	950,000	1953	3,000,000
1949	1,150,000		

Even 3 million tons would be an extraordinary achievement for European standards and in the New World surpasses the production of Canada, for example, by roughly one million tons. (West Germany achieved 841,000 tons in 1949).

Those responsible for the Potsdam decision about the Soviet oil monopoly in Austria can only have had a very superficial knowledge of the situation. From the perspective of international morals it is quite untenable. Up to 1938, i.e. until the end of Austrian sovereignty, there were no German oil concessions in Austria. The industry was still in its infancy and yielded very little. After a number of unsuccessful boring attempts, an Austrian geologist, Dr. Karl Friedl, finally struck lucky in several places,

and founded the first Oil Production Company, of which he is still the Managing Director, at the beginning of the 30's—with Austrian and Swiss capital on a 50-50 basis. This first venture was followed by the Raky-Danubia Co. Ltd. Without the investment of international capital, however, there was no possibility of successful expansion. The necessary electrical equipment, seismic instruments, etc., cost huge sums. Concessions were, therefore, granted to Soccony Vacuum and subsequently to the Shell Oil Company which controlled most of the oil-producing territories. In 1932, production amounted to 72.6 tons, and in 1938, it reached already 56,656 tons.

Immediately after Hitler had conquered Austria, German industrialists arrived to acquire oil concessions. They set up industries at Neusiedel (Burgenland). During the war a systematic policy of "Germanisation" was carried out. Dutch, British and finally also American oil production was severely limited as "enemy property", and under a certain pressure practically all these concessions were transferred to German firms. Thus, nearly all the German assets in this sphere were acquired by compulsory methods, and the Russian claim, unfortunately sanctioned also by the Western Allies, is devoid of any moral foundation. Up to 1944, 1.2 million tons were gained. Thanks to the diligent and conscientious supervision of Prof. A. Benz for whom Austrians have nothing but praise, the oil wells were successfully defended against any danger of being over-exploited. Moreover, the Austrian oilfields suffered no great damage from the hostilities, but the entire production was regarded as war booty by the Soviets who dismantled 80 per cent. of the plant. There is a certain piquancy in the fact that part of the dismantled equipment had to be put back into place when the Soviets took over. The few remaining Austrian firms formed a joint committee and later an association. This included also those concerns which were financed with foreign capital but subject to Austrian law. Oil production in Western Austria is negligible. Our survey must, therefore, be limited to the Eastern Zone, where all non-Soviet assets (which, according to a generous private estimate, comprise no more than one-sixth of the total) are also subject to strict SMV control as regards their yield and production methods. Among the more important western concerns are the Anglo-American Crude Oil Co. Ltd., and the British-owned firm of R. K. von Sickle. Last not least, the Oil Production Company is under joint Soviet and Austrian control, its two directors—one Russian, one Austrian—having nominally equal status.

The Soviets had originally suggested to hand over the whole controversial oil production to a mixed Austrian-Soviet concern. This was rejected by the Vienna Government at the time since both the ownership and the interpretation of the Potsdam decisions had by no means been clarified. Unofficially the Soviets have made repeated references to this original offer on their part, with the hint that this would smooth the way to the State treaty for Austria. Apart from fundamental objections—the Vienna Government knows only too well that such mixed companies are a nightmare for the satellite states—there are also material reasons against such a proposal. Soviet investments in the oil industry are very high, and the Austrian contribution would have to reach astronomical figures. If, on the other hand, the Austrians would make financial

sacrifices, the least they want to get in return is the maximum of actual and not merely formal sovereignty.

No less interesting is the fact that the foreign property is not capable of expansion and presumed to be exhausted in 20 years, whereas the Russians are constantly buying up Austrian land, and these newly acquired oilfields are the most productive. The importance of the well-known oil centre of Zistersdorf is now greatly diminished, while highly profitable new wells have been discovered at Matzen and Aderklaar near Vienna. These post-war projects naturally involve neither German nor Germanised assets, yet the Russians will leave nothing undone to exploit also this part of their oil empire for two and a half decades after the departure of the occupation forces. In the view of well-informed Austrian experts, the Russians are not exhausting the oilfields but exploiting them to capacity. All non-Soviet concessions are entirely without influence as regards economic policy since the Soviets have set up a streamlined syndicate which has nothing to equal it in Austria. This syndicate embraces not only the whole production but also wholesale and intermediary agencies as well as a complete price monopoly, under the unrestricted control of the SMV. Even filling-stations owned by western companies—though the passing motorist may be attracted for instance by the "Shell" sign—cannot sell a drop of petrol not received from the Soviet distribution agency. Every gallon of oil gained is being passed on to the SMV which in turn redistributes it for refining purposes. The price fixed by the authorities is 346 Austrian Schillings per ton (one third of the German price), but even this low rate is hardly ever paid out in full to non-Soviet firms. The SMV makes deductions for its control expenses and for the cost of having the factories supervised by the so-called "Works Guard" (Werkschutz)—an entirely Communist organisation. In other words, the Soviets make the others pay for the very things they most object to.

Every possible obstacle is put in the way of non-Soviet firms which are thus prevented from working at full capacity (88 per cent. in 1950, 68 per cent. in 1951, 36 per cent. in 1952). If there is not an early conclusion of a Treaty which might bring about some changes, these enterprises will hardly escape a grave economic crisis. Among the first to be affected would be the refineries. The three biggest, according to my information, are demanded by the West. The Russians have, therefore, laid two direct pipes to Czechoslovakia in order to boost the refineries there. (Several new ones are under construction). Following the suggestion of the Eastern European Montan Council (whose seat is at Catowice), the Austrian oil is to serve in the first place the highly industrialised but oil-starved satellite countries of D.D.R., C.S.R. and Poland. The SMV receives every drop of oil refined in Austria herself, making the Austrian oil nationalisation law a mere scrap of paper. As to the extent of SMV exports and their destinations in East and West, only conjectures are possible. According to Vienna circles, the Eastern markets seem to be satiated for the moment, so that there is a consequent desire to dump the surplus oil to the Western World. Israel and the German Federal Republic are said to be of special interest to the Soviets in this respect. The theory of a satiation of the Eastern markets is further hardened by the fact that since 1952 the Soviet High Commissioner has granted in full

the higher quotas requested by the Austrian Government. (The Schilling, on the other hand, has become sought-after currency). The last yearly quota amounted to 1,000,000 tons. This rendered Austria independent of imports which are subject to extortionate rates of duty. The cheapest Middle East oil comes to 1,100 Schilling. An offer of cheap Persian oil was rejected some time ago by the High Commission out of a rare regard for Soviet-British community of interests.

In Austria proper the entire distribution is in the hands of OROP, a Soviet firm—and probably the only one of its kind under Austrian law—which is also a member of the Chamber. In the Eastern Zone it discharges its function direct, while in the West it acts through the offices of the Austrian Mineral Oil Company. The Soviets are believed to have a yearly profit of 700 million Schilling from the Austrian oil resources, of which 200 million go towards the deficit of other USIA concerns. The Austrian Federal Republic had to pay 150 million Schilling p.a. for its Soviet occupation. In view of their oil revenue, therefore, the Soviets could well afford the "generous" and propagandistically valuable gesture of renouncing that payment. After the conclusion of an Austrian treaty, oil production in Austria, regardless of ownership, would be placed under the authority of Austrian legislation. This would put an end to unauthorised exports as well as to this economically important state within the State. The Soviets, however, are presumably no less interested in it than in the maintenance of their liaison forces in the satellite countries which permit their continued occupation of Austria.

A. J. FISCHER.

THE VENICE BIENNALE

OUR longing for a classic style becomes stronger the more the years advance; our nostalgia for a new ideal of man, of grandeur, of reality becomes at times unbearable, bordering even on spiritual pain, for we know that the time is not yet come for a vision of this kind. Still has the sacrifice of *Thermopylae* to be suffered, still are the battles of *Salamis* and *Plataea* not yet won, where the handful, the significant individual is inspiring, fighting, dying and triumphant over materialism, despotism, the levelling down power of the proletarian mind in us and around us. Will providence and fate have mercy upon man in bringing forth a *Pericles* to exalt the poetical and the divine in being and to honour human dignity by making it immortal through works of art? All aspects of life, ever changing as they are, yet resembling each other like eye to eye throughout the ages be it victory or defeat, be it wealth or poverty, empires or proud city communities, orators, lawyers or war leaders, remain always transitory. Only in the work of art, in architecture, in noble prose, poetry and music is there eternity for the human spirit. And what is this spirit but the human factor in experiencing life? Man can experience life as an ant, he can experience it as a god, throwing an ideal high into the void to inspire himself and to

strive after it. The great works of art are not only examples of past grandeur, they are warnings, they are the blue print of future human chances.

Our era will one day be defined as the era of the tension between the East and the West, the despotism of the masses, of ruthlessness dictated by inferiority and jealousy. The Hitlerite Germany of yesterday was as much an expression of it as is the Soviet system of today, of barbarism against the notions of freedom and law, of self-respect and the courage to change within the framework of humanist ideals, the rebellion against the religious and the mystical, and the creative spirit in art and science. The East is menacing the West with the erroneous ideas and means which were all developed in the West, menacing at a time when an old world view is crumbling and a new one is only slowly taking shape, a situation which requires vigilance and patience in the realm of statesmanship. Politically seen the axis stretches from East to West, artistically it oscillates between South and North. In the North it is *Ben Nicholson* who, through a most mature ensemble of works and a perfect arrangement, on which both the artist and the British Council are to be congratulated, has demonstrated this trend towards the classical, towards harmony and beauty. Although termed "abstract", his art is the purest example of an ideal in the *Pythagorean* and *Platonic* sense, satiated with gentle music and arousing in the beholder a spontaneous and serene satisfaction. His painting, it may be said, is lacking only in one aspect: in the transfiguration of the absolute into the human, in the metamorphosis of the inner human quality into the human shape and story. But do not reproach an artist for a need which only a culture at its climax can satisfy! Has he not produced enough in finding in an age corroded by negativism, anxieties and morbid *Romanticism*, the other side of the coin: the balance of mind which can again distinguish and enjoy the order through all the heavy veils of chaos? His is the way of the Northern man, cool and clear, full of reflection and experiment. His antipode in this international exhibition, *Emilio Greco*, is not yet the master which he is, for he is much younger. What the English painter has achieved step by step, avoiding the mechanical and cerebral, by contemplation, good thinking and taste, for him has been the gift of the sun, of the unfrustrated senses, of an old artistic tradition. Greco represents the South on our chart. Sicilian by birth, perhaps of Greek descent, son of that soil which was the cross-roads of all Mediterranean cultures, he brings that directness of sensation into art which is never challenged by the theoretical brain. There is a sureness of approach, grace and elegance; and the human aspect dominates as it always has done and as it always will in the South. For the sun is stronger than the brain. Its rays are fertile and the song it sings from dawn to sunset is more inspiring than the profundities of logical positivism. There is no doubt in the blood, only reasoning can go astray. Greco's portraits are the most genuine, the most convincing in the Biennale; there is novelty in them and old consciousness too. What he lacks is only what age can give. But no age can produce the Southern youth with which his natural talent is endowed. There are more advanced artists of his kind in Italy, absent from this year's Biennale, *Marini*, *Manzù*, but none of them has produced stronger portraits, nor can either of them create that melody of a female

body as he does. Greco avoids instinctively the archaic mannerism in which *Mascherini* excels, and his work has none of the uneven quality of *Fazzini's* retrospective exhibition in the Italian central palace.

Although this year's Biennale was planned mainly as an homage to *Surrealism*—*Max Ernst, Dali, Miro, Klee, Masson, Magritte, Delvaux* and the second generation of Surrealists such as *Savinio, Labisse, Carzou, Francis Bacon, Freud, Lehmden, Ende*—it was the exhibitions of *Munch* and *Courbet* which dominated. The art of *Courbet*, well represented here and more poetic than realistic, so we feel at least, signifies in its programmatic aspect the beginning of what is inadequately called *modern art*. The "concrete" art of which *Courbet* said that it should consist "solely of the representation of objects visible and tangible", beauty being "in nature" itself, and to be found "in reality under the most diverse forms", the imagination of the artist to be defined exclusively as the knowledge of "how to find the most complete expression of any existing thing", is proof of an unchanging truth, realized by *Courbet* himself, that "there cannot be any schools, there are only painters". That he was a great painter himself, speaking to us today convincingly through the medium of his art alone, this can be sufficiently experienced in Venice. The vision of modern man rendered here for the first time in a rationalistic manner, with description and observation as its only sources, and the emphasis on the visible, i.e. with the omission of the subjective element, coupled with the belief in scientific and social progress, we find again in an already somewhat shaken form in the visionary and symbolic art of *Edvard Munch*. *Munch* as artist and man is in full revolt against the rationalisation of the world and the decadence of industrialised society. He believes in the individual and his faculty to extricate essential sensations from nature which bring him into harmony with life. Any upset in the balance of this harmony made *Munch* suffer. But his suffering is also the secret spring of the impact he made upon his time. This impact has not lost in intensity. It no longer shocks us, but it penetrates the deeper. Compared with *Courbet*, *Munch* plays with a wider range of humanist and artistic values. He is one of the very great figures of present day art, who in the atomisation of intellectualism knew how to preserve the wholeness of artistic vision. It is an age-old wisdom which alone can render a true image of man-like *Narcissus* who attentively observed his features in a spring. Modern man however is looking on the surface of a stormy sea seeking in vain his true image. That is why it disappeared from art in its abstract phase, that is why the Surrealists, taught by *Freudian* psychology, started to stare inside. What can man of an age disrupted in its basic beliefs find inside? The debris of a broken world, the ashes of the fires of homely hearths, demons in the corners where the *lares* and *penates* were worshipped, fears where certainties were the lot of a happier mankind. We do not attack Surrealism with these words. Reality speaks its own language and the Western artist had to sleep for some time in this *Procrustean* bed. We applaud the Biennale for having laid before us this panorama of contemporary creativeness in retrospect, and for having given it the prize it deserves for the courageous and dangerous task of exploring the maze of *Minos*. For it expresses the belief that man can only go forward, not backward. Modern Art not Academism.

We look inside, we want to know who we are, we want to know what instruments we are in the search for knowledge. It is our only certainty to know that, obsessed as we are by the ratio, *l'homme cet inconnu* must become known to us so that we can go on dreaming again, for we are such stuff as dreams are made on, only we no longer believe it, for we have separated ourselves from the whole by ratio. The old Hindu philosopher knew the value of the *tat twam asi*, the know thyself, and he knew it as part of the whole. When Antiquity was shaken in its basic concepts, the Emperor *Marcus Aurelius*, whose equestrian statue still adorns *Michelangelo's* grand *Capitol* in Rome, felt that philosophy has to preserve in spite of science this greatest treasure of all—the wholeness. "Whether the universe is a concourse of atoms or nature a system, let this first be established, that I am a part of the whole which is governed by nature". Even we have to defend this wisdom against the opinion of the many which *Socrates* used to call by the name of *Lamiae*, bugbears, which frighten children. That is why I believe that the answer to our dilemma is not to be found in the bewildering labyrinth of the Italian central pavilion nor on the walls of the Surrealist exhibitors. When the confidence of the *High Renaissance* in the almost divine power of the human spirit was no longer shared by those artists to whom man seemed once again at the mercy of forces over which he had no control, they distorted the objective reality to prove that only the subjective, the personal point of view is valid. This disturbing phase of Italian art is called *Mannerism*, and our age has a great affinity to it, because of the same feeling of uncertainty. But there are single men who carry the humanist torch further, fearless of and undisturbed by the doings of the modern brain.

In a modest house in Villeneuve on the Lac Lemman *Oskar Kokoschka* is painting the battle of *Thermopylae*. A huge triptych depicting the vision of *Herodotus*, the main theme of which is the heroic and successful struggle of small and divided Greece against the mighty empire of Persia, with its implied conflict between two opposite ways of life, the absolutism of the East and the free institutions of the West. Not an academic battle piece, as is now in favour with all *Social Realists*, but a vision based on the first great prose work of European literature, speaking through its artistic language, not merely through its theme, realising once again that art is not only a search for new forms, but a search for new means of expression to make a spiritual statement possible, to make a confession possible, which is honest and strong enough to awaken the cultural consciousness and responsibility of European man. Who says that *Kokoschka* was not present at this year's Biennale? Was the challenge not present which he alone was mature enough to recognize and to form? Besides—what would modern man be without this challenge? And to what would life degenerate if the revolt of the masses continues to turn everything spiritual into edible values, into the comfort of the mediocre, into the television sensations of the sport minded crowd? Who is to dominate the future: the slave to his body and its instincts and the despot using them for his own purposes, or the philosopher ruler of whom *Plato* dreamed and of whom *Pericles* and *Marcus Aurelius* are eternal examples?

J. P. HODIN.

THE NEW LOOK IN EAST BENGAL

WHETHER or not the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton may be a matter for conjecture; but there is little doubt that the Muslim League government of Nurul Amin in East Bengal (East Pakistan) was tumbled from power largely through the help given by the students of the province. "And now," said a Dacca University lecturer to me about a month after the elections, "the students are unmanageable. All they can think of is politics. Academic standards are appalling and getting worse." From Egypt to China the role played by students in politics is notorious. Their irresponsible behaviour has often made the headlines. In the undeveloped countries with their largely illiterate populations the semi-educated minorities can bring about quasi-revolutionary changes by slogans and demonstrations and endless processions. Students in these lands are the mid-twentieth century equivalents of the kingmakers. They constitute a political force with which governments must constantly reckon; and when they cease to be students the ambitious among them become eligible for political office and the power that goes with it.

In East Pakistan today it is difficult to be hopeful about the future of the country, though perhaps no more difficult than it was yesterday or the day before. Recently there has been a great wave of popular feeling against the Muslim League government which has ruled the province since Partition—a feeling that the imposition of Governor's rule has done nothing to mitigate. Nor is this surprising in a province where the vast proportion of the people live on the bare margin of subsistence, and where even the lower ranking government employees are expected to keep themselves and their families on the equivalent of £2 a week—and this in one of the dearest countries in the world. Such folk must have thought that a change of government might lift a corner of the burden they carried. Certainly it could not make it heavier. The people threw out Chiang Kai-shek in China; they defeated Nurul Amin in East Bengal. The situations are not parallel, but it is possible to draw useful analogies. Compared with the majority of their countrymen the students are fortunate. For education is the avenue to such opportunities as exist for men who are born to live and die in East Pakistan. The students were not so indignant as the villagers because the price of betel (that chewing-gum of the East) had gone up, or so annoyed as the growers of raw jute at the small price being paid to the producer. They campaigned against the Muslim League government mainly because they had an old grievance to settle. In 1952 the police had been rash enough to fire at a student procession that was agitating for Bengali to be recognised as one of the official state languages of Pakistan. In the *mêlée* some students were killed. In 1954 the students of Dacca did not forget their "martyrs."

For students to be on the whole "agin the government" is not surprising; there is always a good deal to complain about, and the students' 90 per cent. support of the United Front candidates against the Muslim League is not really strange. Because the Communists backed the United Front, there were inevitably those who saw the United Front victory as due to the underhand machinations of Malenkov. This, of

course, is nonsense. In so impoverished a country it is obvious that there must be many issues on which liberal-minded people who want to see better conditions in their country and the Communists will agree. But only by the logic of a McCarthy does this make them Reds. Both the students and the United Front platform protested against American military aid to Pakistan. It is well recognised out here that the only possible use for such aid—behind the smoke-screen put up by the public utterances of the country's leaders—is to strengthen Pakistan's bargaining position vis-à-vis India on the Kashmir issue. The argument, which is now so popular in the West, that the NATO powers can bargain with Russia only from a position of strength has been learnt out here, and has added considerably to the tensions on the sub-continent. But East Pakistan is not interested in Kashmir to anything like the same extent as West Pakistan; provincial autonomy and the Bengali language issue are the matters dear to the hearts of its people. The students are, in different degrees, anti-American; United States foreign policy in the Far East has been distrusted for a long time. Students are quick to resent foreign interference; but in their emotional resentment of what some term insidious imperialism they become incoherent and talk vaguely of "exploitation", "running dogs" and all the other half-baked phrases of the semi-educated.

How many of the students are Communists? Not very many. I have heard the figure put at five per cent., but that may be too high. East Bengal is, after all, a Muslim country, and Islam is not tolerant of those who decry it. Students who are "fashionable Communists" are a tiny proportion of the whole. What is more serious, if true, is the view, put forward by another University lecturer, that the non-Communist students are at times afraid of the Communist minority who are violent in their political antipathies. On this view the pinkish student never actively opposes the Communists, and thus Communist ideas get far more support than one might expect. This may be so, though I have talked with others who say this is moonshine. During times of political excitement hooliganism does exist, and before the election the green-shirted hooligans of the Muslim League were just as much in evidence as hooligans from the opposition, though there was far less rowdiness than I expected. But so long as the Communist myth flourishes among the have-nots of the earth, there seem to be only two barriers to the growth of Communism in East Pakistan. One is the tradition of Islam; the other is the ability of those who rule to implement some long outstanding promises. It is difficult to estimate the strength of these barriers; for Muslim behaviour is being changed by twentieth century pressures, and all governments are to some extent disappointing.

The electorate are familiar with what may be termed marginal living; they have come to accept appalling conditions with resignation and patience. But in a world where social and political change is rapidly taking place, what is acceptable today may no longer be so tomorrow. It has long since been argued in the West that the true bulwark against Communism in the underdeveloped countries is the raising of the living standards throughout Asia. The Colombo Plan and the innumerable aid programmes have been directed to this end. Millions of dollars have

been poured out in aid and a not inconsiderable sum has been spent in East Pakistan. But the improvement is still too slight to affect the issue. Millions earn less than three shillings a day and must keep their families happy on that. In every village there are unemployed beggars, glad if they can pick up an anna or two to keep them alive for a tomorrow when Allah may be more merciful. A vast multitude which has nothing to lose when it goes to the ballot box is there to provide an audience for the political agitator.

It is as political agitators that so many irresponsible students make their mark. One does not feel that these young men are fired with a burning zeal for the welfare of their fellow countrymen, though they talk about that welfare in the common jargon of politics. They largely abandoned their studies to help fight the election; but this was not because they were fighting a crusade for the under-dog. All the time they are themselves jockeying for political influence, getting to know the politicians, helping their own friends to a seat in Parliament—one lecturer at the University had four Members of the Legislative Assembly in his class! The genuine idealists among them are a tiny minority, and they are swept aside when the rush for the spoils gets under way. That altruistic motives do not predominate among the greater part of the students can be seen from the general behaviour of the student body at Dacca University—the biggest of the two universities in East Pakistan. When the examination papers are too stiff, students are liable to go on strike or demand fresh papers. This year they demanded that their Finals, which should have been held in April, be postponed until June, and they camped in the garden of the Vice-chancellor's house until he acceded to their demands. In the classes they are undisciplined and, as one of their long-suffering teachers told me, pay little attention. Their minds are busy planning the next moves in government policy.

It is difficult for many students to listen quietly to a point of view with which they disagree. When, early in 1954, an American lecturer gave some talks in Dacca on U.S. foreign policy, the students gave him a rough time. In some ways he probably deserved it, for he habitually lost his temper, and a speaker who does that cannot hope to win a sympathetic hearing from his audience. At a more recent lecture on the Commonwealth Conference which I attended at the University, the questions and discussion at the end brought forth the old familiar wearisome clichés which one hears *ad nauseam*. One student, after conducting a long private discussion with his two companions, made the profound and irrelevant comment that people were getting fed up with American foreign policy. Another speaker brought up the question of racial discrimination in Australia and Canada. On these issues and others like them Pakistani students can work themselves into a paroxysm of self-righteousness. They forget their own intolerant attitudes, their own bigotry, their own selfish opportunism. They are tarred with the same brush. They hate the foreign exploiters—even when they don't exist; but they will exploit their own countrymen if they get the chance.

Some students who were well known for their anti-American attitudes at the university managed to get themselves jobs with the United States Information Services after they left. Students who act as if they believe

that all a foreign organisation's funds come from some tainted capitalist source will eagerly apply for grants and financial help to get them to foreign countries. Opportunism is rife. This, of course, is a trait common to all humanity. It is only because the needs of the people are so great that the opportunism of the educated minority is so inexcusable. There are, of course, many sincere students who have political convictions but who wisely concentrate on their studies. Unhappily, they are not typical. More typical, especially in this election year, are the demonstrators who, having helped put Fazlul Huq's United Front coalition into power, demonstrate outside his house because they do not like a member of the cabinet he has chosen. They would like every political matter to be referred to the students' union for approval. These immature, half-educated "politicians" were in the saddle and thought they could ride East Pakistan the way they wished. It looked as if they could until at the end of May, following the ghastly Adamjee riots, Governor's rule was imposed and the troops took command under a firm governor who was prepared to tolerate no nonsense. The students were on holiday at the time and the opposition was quickly silenced. The newly elected representatives of the United Front found themselves jobless, not allowed to begin the task of governing after their sweeping victory at the polls.

When the students returned after the holidays to take their examinations, there was much absenteeism as a protest against military rule. Many were arrested, given a short taste of jail, and then released again. Within a short time the students had been cowed. Firm handling had brought out their natural timidity. Beneath the surface, East Bengal is, however, far from stable. At the moment there is little sign of the elected representatives of Fazlul Huq's government being allowed to govern; and in the meantime a great deal of money is belatedly being brought into the province to improve conditions. This may win some sympathy for the Central Government in Karachi, though I should imagine that opposition to Mohammed Ali will harden the longer a popularly elected government is kept out of office. In the East political freedom counts for a great deal in the middle of this twentieth century, and people will not quickly forget it was taken from them—or if they do, the students will remind them. In the long run, this political freedom must be given back to the people. What will happen then? I suspect that the forces on the political left will be considerably strengthened. In the long run I suspect that neither military aid and Turco-Pakistani pacts (even when accompanied by grandiloquent messages of mutual congratulation from one Foreign Minister to another) nor Governor's rule will check this move to the left. What the people and the students have done once they can do again. The writing is on the wall.

Dacca, East Bengal.

BERNARD LLEWELLYN.

NEW DEAL FOR CANADA'S ESKIMOS

THERE is a mounting awareness in Canada that the Eskimos of the "Canadian Arctic" must be conditioned to meet the northward surge of civilisation. The replacement of the bow and arrow with the rifle resulted in the decimation by the Eskimo himself of the very

animals upon which he has always relied for food and clothing—the caribou and the seal whose blubber also provides fuel—and diseases of the white man like tuberculosis, measles, influenza and polio (unknown in the Arctic not many years ago) have had as devastating an effect on the hunter of tundra and barrens. The missionaries, and then the Canadian Government, did a great deal between the wars in the provision of antidotes. Game conservation was introduced, medical services were established, schools built, welfare workers sent into distant igloo settlements. Provision for the Eskimos was extended to the payment of child allowances and the supplying of free spectacles. But the penetration of the Northlands has gained pace markedly these last few years. Scheduled air services are operating to the very shores of the Polar Ocean. Industrial airlifts—for example, the flying of uranium concentrates from ore-fields in the Arctic to Edmonton—operate over territory once the almost exclusive preserve of native hunters. Military bases have been built in the heart of the Arctic, and a chain of meteorological stations, radar and loran outposts ring it to within 500 miles of the North Pole itself. Increasing numbers of prospectors, geologists, surveyors, engineers, miners, airmen, big-game hunters—even tourists—are flooding into what is popularly called Eskimo Land, reducing the game on which many natives rely for food, fuel and clothing, bringing with them new ideas and values, and offering forms of employment certain to upset and even shatter the Eskimo's age-old economy. This penetration of the Far North is still gaining momentum and in a few years—and a very few years, too—its impact on the Eskimos will be as marked as that arising from their introduction to the rifle. Hence the growing consciousness in Ottawa of the need to condition them to what lies immediately ahead—across the tracks of their dog teams, the trail of the caribou they hunt and the furrow left by the seal in new snow.

The Federal Government has spent considerable sums these last five years towards this end. Its programme embraces education, health services, "protective administration," wildlife conservation, the encouragement of an expanding handicrafts industry and of local industries and (in extreme instances) the transferring of Eskimo populations *en masse* from one area to another. It has set up, under the Department of Resources and Development, two advisory committees. These are reporting on the advisability of transferring Eskimos from areas which become overpopulated to others where game is available or where new industries offer suitable employment; recommending loans to individual Eskimos and communities for the development of new projects, and studying relations between the natives of the Arctic and the fur traders. In the sphere of education, curricula are to be extended to include specific occupations to suit local environments. Small expeditions are sent into the Arctic summer and winter to advise on improved utilization of local food resources and the development of whaling, sea-fishing, eiderdown collecting, and boat-building.

This new approach to the Eskimos is typified by successful experiments at the Eskimo settlement at Burwell, in Canada's "Eastern Arctic." At the request of the Northern Administration, the Fisheries Research Board previously investigated the supply of seals and codfish in the Port Burwell area and reported that it was sufficient to provide for a larger Eskimo population. As a result, it was decided to find out what could be done to

encourage the Port Burwell Eskimos, normally dependent on the abundance or scarcity of the seasonal game supply, to catch and preserve cod. An experienced fisherman, equipped with two or three dories and sufficient food to pay the Eskimos for their services in kind, was sent to Burwell for three months to impress upon the Eskimos from the outset that they would be helped to develop this fresh source of food provided they showed a willingness and ability to handle the new equipment and make the best use of it. Up till that time they had been working with one torn trout net, two jiggers, an old scow with a worn-out engine, two flimsy rowboats made by covering a framework of wood with sealskins, and a boat left by some Americans wrecked near Port Burwell during the war. In spite of the fact that every piece of this equipment was so old as to be dangerous in rough weather, the Eskimos had chosen to remain at their hunting grounds rather than move to the security of a trading post. Throughout the years they had received practically no help that they had not paid for. All they had ever asked was the equipment to provide for themselves. By the end of the season's operations results indicated that the Eskimos could catch and preserve enough fish for their current needs. In addition, with sound boats, sealing nets and fishing equipment provided for them, plus the training they had received, northern administrators expect that they will be able to maintain themselves for some years with only an occasional measure of supervision.

The Port Burwell experiment is part of a wider plan to educate the traditionally game-eating Eskimos to take greater advantage of the fish supply which abounds in northern coastal waters, this, in case the "northward surge" of civilisation should scatter and decimate wild game, and partly to give the native a constant round-the-year supply of food. But it is not enough to stabilise existing "group industries". Changing times ahead make it essential that the Eskimo should be prepared to turn from the way of the fisherman and hunter—from living by his rifle and net—and provide some material service for which he will receive payment in money or kind. The herding of reindeer is seen as a suitable alternative to hunting and fishing. A "reindeer station" has been established on the arctic tundras of the Mackenzie Delta to train suitable Eskimos as herds-men. The Canadian Government has spent a considerable sum on this project, and with some success—the herds now number more than 6,000 animals—and it has also made a sizeable grant towards establishing a home-craft industry. Carving in ivory engages up to 75 per cent. of the native population during the long winter in some areas, on an igloo-industry basis. The carvings are sold in Canada and the United States on a non-profit basis through the medium of the Canadian Handicrafts Guild, and later this year the first consignment of carvings to be sent to Britain—some 5,000 or more—will be on sale in the shops here. There is no doubt that the development of home handicrafts, reindeer herding and such small local industries as that at Port Burwell will contribute greatly towards fitting the Eskimo into the new pattern of life.

The main emphasis is on education—and particularly on preparing the native child for the changes that will be fully established in the Arctic long before he is adult. Elementary schooling is being extended to all Eskimo children; schools serving areas where the natives are predominantly

nomadic (following the migratory caribou and hunting the seal) are to include "boarding hostels" for children. Eskimos readily assimilate training. In the U.S. territory of Alaska they are employed as airline pilots, airfield traffic managers, nurses, etc. The Canadian Eskimo would be no less responsive to opportunity than his Alaskan cousin, and provision is being made for technical training and higher education for those who show particular aptitude, so that they may serve among their own people in the Arctic—or in competition anywhere in Canada. The Government contributes towards the maintenance of schools established by the Missions—Anglican, Roman Catholic, and Evangelical. It has also built seven new schools since 1947, and more are to be built this year. Typical of them is that at Fort Chimo, a prefabricated building with wood-panelled walls and a sheet-aluminium roof, a water and electric supply, and two space heaters. With accommodation for some 50 children, it comprises a main schoolroom, a domestic science room and a workshop. Adult Eskimos are not generally willing to learn English, let alone attend school. But they are not averse to their children going to school and assimilating knowledge and ideas; and if the older of adult Eskimos will not fit into the changed days of ten years hence an increasing proportion of children certainly will fit into the new pattern.

Equal attention is being paid to the need to safeguard the Eskimos' health while they are being prepared for "things to come." Medical facilities have been greatly extended since the war. New hospitals have been built at key centres, old ones such as that at Aklavik extended and nursing stations established. Teams of radiographers, physicians, dentists and oculists are being sent ever further into the interior ahead of advancing civilization, and new medical stations are to be established at new key points along Canada's polar coastline. The most recent improvement is the provision of two rehabilitation centres for Eskimos who, discharged from tuberculosis and general hospitals, are not yet fully capable of returning to the rigours of the North. These centres are at Driftpile, Alberta, and at Frobisher Bay, in Baffin Island. The latter establishment is for fitting Eskimos who will never be able to return to their home tundras to adjust themselves to work in other parts of Canada. To Frobisher Bay centre go natives who need only a period of convalescence before returning to employment in their Arctic homeland. The programme as a whole is a long term one in its final goal, which is to knit the Eskimo into the new pattern introduced into the "barrens" by the northward surge of our civilization. But the new pattern is taking definite shape now, and the administration in Ottawa, served by men and women who have spent many years living in the Arctic, is meeting the threat to the Eskimo and his ancient economy as it arises.

FRANK ILLINGWORTH.

LUDWIG BOERNE

ACCORDING to a well-known anecdote an Englishman, a Frenchman and a German were ordered to write about elephants, and while the first two took practical steps to see the creature, the last sat in his study and evolved an elephant out of his inner consciousness. Substituting

the ferment of new ideas caused by the French Revolution for the elephant, this too found characteristic expression in different countries. Robert Owen in England, for example, amassed wealth, set up cotton-mills, improved working-class conditions and started a scheme of co-partnership. St. Simon in France spent his life and fortune in striving to build up a Christian Socialist society and gathered round him disciples who carried on his work. Ludwig Boerne, the German, went to live in Paris and constructed Liberalism out of his inner consciousness. He is not to blame for being a theorist rather than a man of affairs, because there were few Liberals in Germany and, moreover, he was prevented from assuming leadership because he was a Jew.

Leo Baruch was born in a Frankfurt Ghetto in 1786, but changed his name after he had finished his studies and was able proudly to call himself Dr. Phil. Ludwig Boerne. His grandfather had been financial agent at some minor German Court, and his father was an educated man who represented the Jewish community officially on various occasions. He always avoided trouble and used to say that, although he enjoyed reading Ludwig's writings, he wished that it was not his son who had written them. If the father was an opportunist all his life, the son was a rebel almost from birth. As a child he suffered because he was a Jew, and also because he was a target for teasing, being undersized and ugly, except for his shining dark eyes. When he was small an unkind servant told him that he would go to hell, whereupon he replied: "That's a pity! Then I shall have no peace from you even in the next life." His mocking wit, developed as a defensive weapon from an early age, earned him the nickname of *Katev*, the joker. He soon realised the contrast between the life of the citizens of Frankfurt and that of his own people, immured in their Ghetto under harsh mediaeval restrictions. On one occasion he gave some money to two Christian beggar-boys of about his own age, with the words: "Solomon told us that we must heap coals of fire on the heads of our enemies."

At the age of fourteen he was sent away for his education to live with relations in another town, and two years later he went to Berlin to study, lodging in the house of Dr. Marcus Herz who was a friend of Lessing. He fell violently in love with his host's wife, the beautiful and gifted Henriette, and after the death of Marcus he declared his passion; but the widow, who was nearly forty, told him that she had no use for his love. Thereupon he wrote her a desperate letter hinting at suicide, and even went so far as to buy some arsenic. This frightened Henriette Herz and she informed his father, who immediately removed him from Berlin and sent him to Halle instead. The first pamphlet, which he wrote while still a student, was *An Address to the Jews*, but its publication was forbidden. He was very delicate, and his physical weakness, combined with his Jewish origin, must have given him a sense of inferiority which as a young man he strove to conceal by playing the clown and the dandy.

When he had acquired his University degree he was baptised and changed his name. As in the case of Heine, and no doubt of other German Jews at that time, his conversion was little more than a matter of expediency; emotionally he always remained a Jew, and he used his pen frequently and with vigour on behalf of his race. His attacks on German anti-Semitism would appear exaggerated, if it were not for the fact that we

have witnessed its immeasurably increased excesses within our own time. The Germans found comfort, he said, in feeling that the Jews were oppressed even more than themselves; he compared their hatred of Jews to a Pontine marsh poisoning the lovely land, and declared that if fight he must, he would rather fight against lions and tigers than against toads.

Boerne's first post was a clerkship in the Frankfurt police, from which after five years he was dismissed, either because of his race, or because of some of his contributions to the Press. He was refused the pension which was due to him on leaving, but after a prolonged dispute with the Authorities he finally received it, although only in part. Thenceforward he devoted himself entirely to journalism; for a few months he edited a local paper, until he was forbidden to continue at the request of the Austrian envoy, because he had written something which displeased the Austrian Government. Then he founded and edited *Die Wage* (the scales), a review intended, he said, for citizens, science and art. "Oh heavens!" he exclaimed. "I did not lack weights, but there was nothing to weigh."

Always an impassioned lover of the theatre, he devoted much space to theatrical criticism; he castigated the mental poverty of playwrights and audience alike, and was so severe towards the actors that they threatened to beat him, whereupon he threatened them with an even worse punishment, which was not to mention their names at all. At about that time he made the acquaintance of Jeannette Wohl, a handsome dark-eyed woman a few years older than himself, who was separated from her husband. The friendship between them ripened into love, which on her part seems to have had in it a strong maternal element. She took an interest in all that concerned him, his delicate health, his ideas and his work, and if he was a spiritually displaced person there was always a refuge to be found in her affection.

It happened that one of Boerne's revolutionary friends fled in order to escape arrest, and although as a Liberal he himself did not advocate revolution, he thought it prudent to leave Germany for a time and go to Paris. There was so much vexation and delay about obtaining his passport that he finally took the risk of crossing the frontier without it, and this incident provided yet one more experience to confirm him in his passion for the liberty of the individual.

A German publisher commissioned him to write some articles, and extracts from them appeared in the French Press. Proudhon wanted to found a paper together with him, but Boerne was homesick and returned suddenly to Frankfurt. After three months in his home town he was arrested on the charge of being a secret demagogue, but there was no proof against him, and his family hastily burned all his papers. Work was offered to him in Vienna through the influence of Metternich who knew his father, but he would not go. "Austria is a European China," he once wrote. "A stagnant outgrown State. It pushes its forceful roots far beyond its borders, under the soil of other countries. This strong oak cannot weaken, only break."

His father's death in 1827 rendered him financially independent, and thenceforward he spent most of his life in Paris, which was for him the centre of the world. The sight of the first French cockade on a farmer's hat in Strasburg seemed to him like a little rainbow, a sign of peace after

the flood. He edited a paper, *La Balance*, for a time, and he wrote to Jeannette regularly. His *Paris Letters* were published in Germany and were translated into English, being wise and witty comments on the political and social life of the French capital. In the last of them he wrote: "Truly, in France even a criminal in prison feels more freedom than even an innocent man in Bavaria." The causes which he advocated in them included democratic representative annual Parliaments, protection and rights of the individual, equality before the law, equal protection for all religions, trial by jury, and freedom of the Press; he was opposed to capital punishment, and he was an ardent Republican. When a fellow-countryman suggested that he should join him in emigrating to America, he refused: if 40,000 Germans including himself were to settle in Ohio, he was sure that 39,999 of them would insist on importing a German Prince to rule them.

He hated Goethe, that "tame, patient, toothless genius—like an eagle nesting under the gutter of a tailor's roof." It seemed to him that the poet, instead of being a Hercules to cleanse his fatherland, only fetched the golden apples of the Hesperides for himself, and used the sword which he had been given for his own protection alone. After Goethe's death Boerne believed that the old Germany would be buried with him, and that freedom would be born at last. He admired Heine, with whom he had some affinity, and at one time the two men were friendly; but Heine was the greater, and Boerne, who was essentially a propagandist, could not forgive his Napoleon worship, nor the fact that he was an artist before he was a moraliser. He insisted that his own works did not have to please, that he was a chemist not a confectioner, and he called Heine "a boy chasing butterflies on a battlefield." The latter said that he himself was an ordinary guillotine while Boerne was a guillotine working by steam, and described the conflict of values between them as the conflict between Hellene and Nazarene. Yet Boerne had an unqualified admiration for another poet, Lord Byron, saying that he would give all the joys of his life for one year of Byron's sorrows.

Three years after his death, Heine, a dangerous enemy, wrote a book, *Ludwig Boerne*, in which he attacked his Radicalism, which had first offended him after the July Revolution. He did something else, besides writing a book. Jeannette Wohl had married again, during Boerne's lifetime, and the poet started a public scandal about the relationship between herself and her friend, which led her husband to challenge Heine to a duel in which he was wounded. Boerne was attacked mercilessly in Germany for his views, and at one time publication of his work was forbidden. He became embittered by his treatment, and during the last years of his life he was a suspicious, cranky deaf little old man. His *Paris Letters* are still amusing to read and full of original ideas. His advice to would-be writers, to take some sheets of paper and spend a few days in setting down without deception every thought that passed through their mind, later influenced Freud in his technique of free association. He died of influenza in 1837, and in the funeral procession to the cemetery of *Père Lachaise*, fellow-authors and working-men walked side by side.

THE RABBIT

NEVER before have rabbits been in such an invidious situation—they are “neither fish nor good red herring” but no one can deny that they are “flesh”. While housewives are often fortunate to buy even half a rabbit, we do the best we can to exterminate them, and though they breed in their thousands we import ship loads of frozen rabbit carcasses annually. Whereas the fox lives by stealth and cunning and the hare escapes from its enemies by phenomenal speed, nature has endowed the rabbit with a matchless fecundity. Numerical statistics are staggering where rabbits are concerned; if indeed they did not have several families a year and breed almost all the year round they would have died out centuries ago. Rabbits will breed at six months old, bear seven times annually and have five young ones each time. Supposing this to happen regularly over a period of four years, and that three of the five at each kindling are females, the increase will be 478,062. A recent estimate states that the progeny of one pair of rabbits is capable of reaching 13,000,000 in three years. The amount of damage done by rabbits to crops and young trees is almost incalculable, but it is in the region of fifty million pounds each year. Two rabbits will eat as much as one sheep and forty take the food of one dairy cow at grass. In view of the fact that in one county 3,000 rabbits were trapped and just as many popped up the following season, it will be appreciated that a wholesale campaign to exterminate rabbits in this country may prove as costly as keeping them. The modern humane method of gassing rabbits in their burrows, which would undoubtedly help, has the disadvantage of making the animals unfit for human consumption.

We can learn many lessons from Australia where the rabbit pest is the greatest in the world. Rabbit history has in fact rebounded like a boomerang for it was from this country that rabbits were first sent to Australia. In 1859 a trading clipper carried in its live cargo twenty-four rabbits consigned to a settler, Thomas Austin, of Barone Park. They were so carefully protected in the new country that a year or so later a farm was fined ten pounds for killing one. Two years later the unfortunate landowner was saddled with 25,000 rabbits and had spent £5,000 in a fruitless effort to get rid of them. The original owner of the stud rabbits killed no less than 20,000 over a period of six years and estimated that there were almost as many still on his ranch. After this alarming and incredible increase a bounty of 1s. was paid by the Government for every rabbit's tail. In 1870 it was decided to try and isolate rabbits in a particular area. The State of Victoria began to build a wire netting barrier hundreds of miles long, well let into the ground to prevent burrowing and high enough to stop the rabbits from jumping over. And fifty feet of bush and scrub were cleared on either side of the fence so that any rabbit trying to escape would have to run the gauntlet of the farmer's well trained dogs. But the rabbits had no intention of being cornered in this way—long before the fence was completed, and in spite of wire netting gates and barriers in rivers and gullies, the little creatures made an outflanking movement and spread in a vast furred wave over the rest of the country. To-day rabbits are costing Australia £220,000,000 a year. Australian farmers are finding it hard in the present high prices for steel to keep the wire fences in repair—

a small gap in a fence is quite sufficient to let thousands of hungry rabbits through into new pastures. There is an urgent need for 300,000 miles of new fencing at a cost of £8 for every hundred yards. But were it not for these fences the rabbits would eat everything—there would be no sheep and so no mutton or wool. Even with all these precautions and organised "rabbit drives" it is not uncommon to kill 10,000 rabbits in a 1,000 acre field. It is not surprising that Australian vermin trappers can make up to £100 a week. A pest in Australia for nearly a hundred years, it is pleasing to read that the farmers in the last few years have been getting a little of their own back on the rabbit in the present meat and raw material shortage. The export of rabbit skins has reached over four million pounds annually and rabbit carcasses have brought in another £84,000. In fact rabbits have brought in more to Australian coffers than beef or mutton. In the war the famous Digger hats were made of rabbit fur and 400,000 were supplied to the services. America and Canada are good customers for rabbit pelts, being able to cope with four million annually—more than can be supplied.

For hundreds of years rabbits have come under the notice of man in his efforts to provide grazing for his flocks and grow grain. The rabbit and the hare were mentioned in the Bible as "cud chewing beasts". It is surprising that though these animals are no longer classed as ruminants it has only recently been discovered that they have a duplicated digestive system and so are able to "chew" their food twice over. Rabbits have not always lived underground in holes but when wolves roamed this country they began to "dig for safety", and ever since they have found this way of life assures the propagation of the species. At the time of the sporting king, William the Conqueror, "the coney and the hare" were listed in the "Game Code" as "Beasts of the Warren", which shows the rabbit began to dig in at an early date. In the old days hats were commonly made of coney fur just as they are now. Rabbit and wild cat fur was also used in the trimmings for ladies' dresses but only ladies of high or royal descent were allowed to wear ermine. In the accounts of the Installation Feast of Ralph de Borne, Abbot of St. Austin's, Canterbury 1309, six hundred rabbits were eaten at the cost of 6d. each—the same price in those days as a pig. Just as the Australians have been trying in the past years to offset the damage done by rabbits and make them pay for their keep, our ancestors sought ways of turning wild rabbits to profit. In the 16th century extensive warrens were artificially made and large domestic bucks were turned loose among wild rabbits with the idea of increasing the weight of the animals and making them more useful from an edible point of view. In later years silver haired bucks were turned out and the dressed pelts were exported to the East Indies. It has recently been suggested that we should try out experimental trials along these lines. While keeping rabbits under strict control we might with advantage interbreed the bigger domestic rabbit with the wild species. Bigger rabbits and fewer rabbits may be half the answer to the rabbit problem we have been up against for so long. By achieving this, the farmer's trouble might be appreciably lessened and at the same time the harassed housewife would be provided with tasty rabbit pies as a supplement to the meagre meat ration.

With a speed of only twentyfive miles an hour rabbits are not very fast

animals, but they have considerably more intelligence than is sometimes supposed. When hunted, they rely on cunning to outwit a dog, doubling and redoubling on their tracks with a soundless tread. They communicate with each other by thumping on the ground with their hind feet, so that it is difficult to approach rabbits closely without a tom-tom message giving warning of one's coming. The does have their young ones in special nurseries situated well apart from the communal warren, where life is precarious, and the hole is blocked with grass to make it inconspicuous and to prevent a tell-tale scent. Besides the trapper, the farmer and the sportsman with his gun, the rabbit has many enemies. Herons and predatory hawks and owls all prey on young rabbits, and "Brer", of course, is the *bonne-bouche* and *pièce de résistance* of Reynard. It is doubtful, however, if foxes are capable of controlling rabbits to any great extent, for where there are many foxes there are often many rabbits. Undoubtedly the best policeman of the furred underworld are stoats and weasels, which not only hunt in packs above the ground but enter rabbit holes and search below. The rabbit seems quite powerless when one of these little red-coated, lean-bellied creatures is on its track. The blackbird in the hedge stops singing abruptly, the rabbit looks up anxiously, but does not move, as the pungent odour of the foe fills its nostrils. The rabbit has only to run away, but fright takes the power from its legs, and reason from its brain. The balance of nature is often cruel but stoats and weasels must be protected as the farmer's best vermin controllers.

Though countrymen and farmers cannot afford to be sentimental about rabbits, from a townsman's viewpoint grazing rabbits on a close-cropped green pasture are a pleasant and peaceful sight. There is nothing quite so mouth-watering as the sound of a rabbit's teeth munching white clover stems; nothing so soft and rabbit-like as the bobbing white scut under a rabbit's tail—the signal it shows to others of its kind when danger approaches. There is no doubt that wild rabbits bring pleasure to thousands of city dwellers on holiday in the country who have never before seen a rabbit except in a hutch. At long last fate seems to be catching up with the rabbit and the balance of nature is making itself felt. Already the rabbit virus disease myxomatosis has wiped out millions of rabbits in Australia and ravaged the Continent. In Australia the rabbits that have died have made available in three seasons grazing for 20,000,000 more sheep. In France desperate efforts are being made to curb the disease and to save the rabbit meat and fur industry worth £70,000,000 a year. In England opinion is divided—should we try to save the rabbit now that it is threatened with extinction, or allow it to die? The Ministry of Agriculture states that if the disease is not brought under control in 1954 our entire rabbit population is doomed. Whether the rabbit, tenacious of life, will become immune from the virus remains to be seen.

R. H. FEZZY.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

"COEXISTENCE"

THE so-called problem of the atheist east living side by side with the christian west has been given prominence by certain recent events. Mr. Attlee has been to Moscow and to Peking. President Eisenhower has rejected a suggestion made by General Clark that the United States should sever relations with the Soviet Union and that the United Nations should be turned into an anti-communist alliance. In rejecting it he protested that the world needed a forum in which the major nations could discuss their differences; but he admitted that, on the other hand, the United Nations tended to become a mere forum of propaganda—"a field" he said "in which the United States did not seem to be as good as the Russians".

A third event that threw light upon the problem was the participation of a Russian delegation in the twenty-third International Congress of Orientalists which was held at Cambridge and ended on August 28th last. The 21 Russian delegates were led by Professor Guber of Moscow University, and were armed with printed copies of the 20 addresses they were to give. The scripts bore the imprint of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, Moscow, 1954. Those delegates duly mixed their hospitable caviar, served with gin and lime, on the one part with inhospitable anti-western propaganda on the other. The propaganda was embodied in otherwise scholarly treatises on such subjects as the restoration of serfdom in Japan at the end of the sixteenth century; the social and economic system of the Bantu at the beginning of the nineteenth century; the Philippines' struggle against Spanish absolutism: in all of which treatises were inserted sly and indirect hits at British and American colonialism, and in all of which an emphasis was laid, relevantly or irrelevantly, reasonably and justly, or unreasonably and unjustly, upon the capitalist exploitation of the peasantry and people. Soviet films—the only films shown at the congress—betrayed a more blatantly propagandist purpose.

A fourth event was the participation of Russian athletes, men and women, in the European Athletic Championships which ended at Berne on August 29th. The latter event on a cursory showing was doubly interesting and relevant to the problem. It caused both surprise and speculation. The speculation was political in kind. Here was a team of Russian youths, male and female, competing with British, German, Swedish, Czechoslovak, Hungarian, Belgian, Finnish, and Yugoslav youths in athletic contests: human beings all. Why then cannot their political leaders live amicably and compete peacefully with each other? The surprise arose from the fact, remarkable enough in its way, that the Russian boys and girls proved to be incomparably better athletes than those of any other of the competing nations. Event after event was won, and won easily, by them. They won 16 out of the total of 35 gold medals awarded. They came out high and dry at the top of the final list with a total of 269 points scored in the whole competition. The British team, which came out second, scored only 100½ points. A trend of thought was thereby started in certain minds which took the form of a question. Surely, it was asked—and the challenge must be faced—a country that produces such magnificent speci-

mens of physical manhood and womanhood and such athletic skill, determination and spirit as no western country apparently can produce: surely such a country is not, cannot be, the country portrayed in the western propaganda? Such is not the stuff that slaves are made of? Could men and women, ground down and cowed under the foulest tyranny known to history, their individuality crushed under mass oppression, starved alike of the spiritual means of development, the superhuman source of well-being and in general the grace of God as vouchsafed through the channel of a former Christian practice: could such men and women be anything but miserable parodies of healthy human beings?

Yes, they could, and are. Religion is not an easy or automatic means to the attainment of human values. It is a hard adventure, though the reward be great, great beyond the expectation. The easier thing, and the deadly thing, is the mere physical, materialist "joy of living" given by God to all His creatures. A hare, minute in comparative size, can run faster than any man or woman, Russian or other. No human being can climb like a monkey or like a kitten, jump like a deer or a flea, carry weights like an ant, pull things like a donkey, or swim like a duck. The subhuman creatures are given such gifts in a measure greater than that given to man. But to man God gives a greater gift: a constructive mind, a moral free will, a spiritual soul, a fragment of His own divinity. Man's highest adventure, his greatest triumph, is not to run faster than the next man, or a hundredth part as fast as a hare, but to love and serve God. Zatopeck could beat Saint Peter hollow at a hundred yards. But the contrast, excellent as it be in one sense, and humiliating in another, is neither important in the long run (another sort of run) nor does it offer any essential challenge to the human spirit, or to western Christianity.

What is important, interesting and relevant is that in our time we have been forced to witness, not only the splitting of the atom in the scientific field, but the splitting of a man in the human field. An attempt has been made, and is being made, to separate the physical and the material in human beings from the spiritual and the moral; to force human beings to live exclusively in the one element without relevance to the other. Of course, it can be done, at least for a time. It is even easy. There is an instinctive revolt in man against what is good and a corresponding taste for what is bad—or else the true adventure would be too easy to command any virtue in the performance—and it is fine for a time, as so many of the saints have found, to follow the devil. But God intervenes; and out of the bad comes good.

He gives rein to the devil for an ultimately good reason, and in the end pulls us back. The Russians, so far as their experiment in splitting the human being is concerned, in the end will be pulled back. In the meantime they can in some ways enjoy life, and they are fine athletes.

In the international sphere, however, the unanswered question remains, whether we and they can "coexist"? So far in that particular experiment it is clear that the western nations pursue it wholly at their own expense. Russia is rigid. The west is compliant. There is no progress towards "coexistence" except in so far as the west complies. If the west remained faithful to its christian principle there could be no such progress. "Co-existence" merely means unconditional surrender to the communists, for

obviously an anti-christian cannot coexist with a christian way of life, any more than fire can coexist with water. If they mix, one or the other wins, and the other disappears. As christianity, being of omnipotent God, cannot be driven out by man's perversions, it is obvious that the victory is a matter only of time. The practical question then is whether the end is impeded or helped by an attempt at living together? Is it better to mix more and more with Russia, with her people and her politicians, or to agree to disagree and live apart; in other words, to defeat the atheist by christian charity and example, or to join issue?

There is only one answer to the question. You cannot mix except on the one hypothesis or the other. The two ways of life are incompatible, mutually destructive. Until communism dies its inevitable natural death, the west has no wise alternative to minimising its contacts with Moscow and Peking. The objection will perhaps be made that such an alternative will bring with it a formidable mixture of difficulties and muddles. No doubt. It has to be recognised that human life is necessarily a muddle, for out of the conflict comes grist for the spiritual mill. The soul would die without its exercise. It needs the uphill fight. Mr. Attlee has taken a step in the opposite direction; but it should be recognised that he has a problem all his own. It is a well-founded guess that one of the reasons which prompted him not to cancel his visit to Moscow and Peking was that if he had done so, he would thereby have widened the split in his own party, and it is his prime business to keep his party together, if he can. The fact that Mr. Aneurin Bevan went with him to the eastern capitals is of essential relevance to an understanding of what happened. The dissident socialist left wing, as it were, was keeping more than an eye on the leader.

Mr. Attlee is experienced enough in affairs, his experience including the responsibilities of Prime Ministership, to have appreciated that his visit to Mr. Chou En-lai could not have been more ill-timed, nor more mischievous, coinciding as it did with the eve of the south-east Asian conference. The visit itself had been decided on a year ago (at the Margate conference of September, 1953) when it could hardly have been foreseen how ill-timed the actual visit would turn out to be, although it ought to have foreseen that it was bound, whatever the immediate circumstances, to be mischievous. It is not surprising that the communists have made a maximum propagandist use of it, to the concern no doubt of Mr. Attlee, though not perhaps of Mr. Aneurin Bevan and his fellow dissidents. Mr. Attlee's problem, which only he himself can solve, is how to keep his party together at home and to undo some of the mischief done abroad. There is no doubt about the mischief done by this grand-scale enterprise in the cause of "coexistence", even though it contributed an incidental small measure of good service to the general cause. Mr. Attlee, for instance, revealed on his return journey that, as Mr. Mao Tse-tung had asked him to drop a hint about restraint in Washington, he himself had asked Mr. Mao Tse-tung to drop a similar hint in Moscow. Does experience however encourage the hope that Moscow will be susceptible to such hints?

THE GLOBAL AGGRESSION

When the south-east Asian conference opened on September 6th the surrounding complications had been made formidable by what had lately

preceded it. As a result of the communist diplomatic triumph at Geneva little more than a month before, Mr. Chou En-lai had turned his propaganda upon Siam. As a result, at least in part, of the visit paid to him by the leaders of the British socialist party he had likewise turned his propaganda upon Formosa. The undisguised purpose of the south-east Asian conference was to organise a system of defence against the widening scope and increasing pressure of communist aggression. It may almost be said at this time that the function of high diplomacy is concentrated, to the pitch almost of an obsession, upon a single problem. The world-wide activity of communist organisations is a fact that has to be faced, nauseating though it be. The story does not change. Chapter follows chapter in the same old vein. There are no surprises, no relief. A grim persistence in the evil work is all we have to contemplate. It cannot be ignored, because it is dangerous. It monopolises the thought of those who take a part or an interest in foreign affairs, even though decency cries out for something less sordid to ponder. Its most dangerous incidence has coincided with an emotional disturbance of another kind in world affairs, namely the wave of what is called "liberation" that surges over Asia and the Middle East.

Within a few days we heard Mr. Chou En-lai calling for the liberation of Formosa, Mr. Nehru for the liberation of Goa, and the Archbishop of Cyprus (who became the leader in this cause) for the liberation of Cyprus, just as Colonel Nasser used to call for the liberation of the Sudan as well as of the Suez Canal zone, and Mr. Mossadeq for the liberation of Anglo-Iranian oil. In each case the word "liberation" means a transfer of sovereignty or ownership, in disregard alike of facts and of ethics. It has to be recognised that the characteristic disturbance of this present century has been, and continues to be, an unprincipled fight for political authority over territories, peoples and raw materials. The calamitous and iniquitous war that began in 1914, that started again in 1939, and that in its effect still reverberates through the world, is principally responsible for the emergence of what we call a communist bid for power and empire on the widest scale. The bid is made, with startling and apparently increasing success, not only on the widest scale, but with the widest disregard of morality and even of conventional good form. These communists are pastmasters in the misuse of words. Their very name has seduced ignorant innocents by the million to imagine that "communism" encompasses such an ideal as the sharing of burdens, or of goods (though the goods be stolen goods); and the deceivers go on weaving their wordy web for the destruction of souls. It is not an exaggeration to say that their object is the destruction of souls. By their words and mouths they stand convicted of an exclusively materialist purpose, hostile alike to religion and true welfare.

In China they have succeeded in ousting and uprooting an old and good civilisation and in imposing their particular sort of tyranny upon a people who constitute a sixth of the population of the world. But Formosa has escaped and remains free. Therefore the communist propaganda talks about "liberating" Formosa. Words in such a use arrogate to themselves the humpty-dumpty privilege of meaning what they choose to mean, no more and no less. In this case liberation means, or is bent into meaning, subjection to the tyranny aforesaid. Mr. Chou En-lai has not only called upon the people of China and upon his army to strive for the liberation,

that is the annexation, of Taiwan (Formosa) and the "extermination" of Chiang Kai-shek and his followers, but has dubbed that army the "People's Liberation Army". In the same spirit Moscow has liberated half the world into slavery.

They are clever opportunists, too, these communists. It was on the day that Mr. Attlee and his party reached Peking that Mr. Chou En-lai on the one hand deduced from the fact of the visit a general lessening of world tension including a particular increase of Sino-British understanding, and on the other hand announced his intention to liberate Formosa. The cunning of the coincidence was its subtly implied approval by the British socialists of a new communist aggression. (The implication of course was untrue; but that is beside the point.) It was timed moreover to coincide with the approving by the House of Representatives in Washington of a Bill to withdraw all legal rights from the communist-dominated trades unions in the United States; it being a further purpose of communist strategy to divide and drive a wedge between Britain and the United States. And again, the timing of the British socialist gesture of courtesy and friendship in Moscow and Peking was as remarkable in the one direction as that of the communists in the other; for in the very week-end of Mr. Attlee's arrival in Peking it was officially announced that collective security in south-east Asia would be discussed by eight countries (Britain, the United States, France, Siam, Australia, New Zealand, Pakistan and the Philippines), at a conference due to begin at Manila in the Philippines on September 6th. That conference was the direct result of communist aggression, conquest and further threat of conquest in Asia.

It was again on that very same Sunday, August 15th, that Mr. Nehru, speaking during Independence Day celebrations from the ramparts of Delhi's Red Fort, proclaimed that no one could stop the human tide of people in all "dependent" or "semi-dependent" countries from breaking the shackles of domination and marching forward. Goa, he went on, would be "liberated" and integrated with "free" India. It is not here suggested that Mr. Nehru is any more a communist (or not much more) than is Mr. Attlee, but, like Mr. Attlee, he happens, by the accident of affairs, to look both east and west, and to help the east, at a time of fateful decision, when the future of the world at large depends—depends utterly—on the defeat of this new atheist east and the triumph of the old Christian west.

It would be wise to bear clearly in mind the distinction between communist designs on the one hand, and the process, now taking place, on the other, of the formerly dependent peoples becoming independent. The hardest challenge to western diplomacy, however, is the prevention of communist exploitation in this matter, and of a threatened resultant jump by those peoples from the frying-pan into the fire. To throw off what is called western colonisation in order to be shackled with communist tyranny would be a bitter jest; but the potential victims are in fact faced with that danger; and the exaltation of newly-won freedom tends to blind them to the danger. India and Pakistan, Tunisia and Egypt, Kenya and Malaya: these are danger spots. Indo-China is already doomed, unless something like a miracle intervene. In his statement to the House of Representatives on August 5th last Mr. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia, was clearly well-founded when he expressed the probability that a communist administra-

tion would be established in the whole of Vietnam after the elections due to be held within two years. He added that the danger might still be averted if in the breathing space, the non-communists in Indo-China were to receive economic and spiritual encouragement from the west, and if the weight and influence of the new democracies of south and south-east Asia could be mobilised on their behalf. He rightly warned those new democracies of the responsibility now resting upon them. The conception of a south-east Asian defence organisation, far from implying any loss of sovereignty to themselves, was, he said, designed on the contrary to safeguard the national integrity of all the Asian countries.

THE CASE OF GOA

The tide of Asian nationalism has met an interesting snag in the case of what the Portuguese call the "State of India", namely the three little provinces of Goa, Damaun and Diu on the western coast of Madras. When Vasco da Gama discovered the sea route to India in 1497 and the State of India was founded eight years later, and when the Dominican friars (1510) and the Franciscans (1517) planted the seeds of a christianity that was to spread through western India, Ceylon and the Malay Archipelago, the course of civilisation was broadened, and human history changed in a manner that has become a matter of pride in Portuguese hearts. It was from such a beginning that India, south-east Asia and China became the beneficiaries of what was called "the white man's burden." The Asian revolt against that "burden" has nothing to do, in the case of Goa, with modern materialist spoils. The great trading empire built up by Portugal from Goa is no more.

Last April indeed Dr. Salazar explained that those provinces were now a liability. They provided, he said, an annual amount of 800,000 escudos in Portugal's revenue, but cost the Portuguese exchequer no smaller an annual sum than 7,000,000 escudos, and they cost several more millions for such services as shipping. Nor do Portuguese nationals benefit from the administration of Goa. Native Goans and Indians in the provinces monopolise both civil posts and business enterprise. There are for instance some 4,500 civil servants, of whom about one per cent. only are Portuguese. The manganese and iron ore products, a valuable source of profit in these days, are mainly the property of an Indian native of Goa. The Portuguese share in Goa's general trade is small. It consists of 10 per cent. of the imports and less than 1 per cent. of the exports.

Portugal's interest in this "possession" on the coast of India is sentimental, historical, and spiritual in kind. Professor Gonzalves Pereira has called Goa the "finest event in Portugal's epoch-making period". It is an almost exclusively academic sort of national pride that inspires the Portuguese attachment to Goa. Dr. Salazar, who for a quarter of a century has set a sterling example to the world in orderly progressive government based upon christian principle, has declared that Goa is a part of Portugal, that Portugal will not cede any fraction of it to India, with or without a plebiscite. When he refused this year even to discuss the question, he based his refusal on the constitutional incompetence of his government to transfer Portuguese territory to foreign sovereignty.

On the other hand the fever of "liberation" burns in the blood of all the

eastern peoples, and has no patience with sentiment, history, past benefit or present fitness in affairs. A Goan National Congress has been set up, whose "Freedom for Goa" slogan has enrolled volunteers for violent action. Blood has been shed in an invasion of Damaun villages. The British Government has made representations in New Delhi on behalf of Portugal, with the only effect of incensing Indian opinion against Britain. Similar representations made by the Vatican and some Latin States were answered by India with the round retort that the existing tension was caused by "Portuguese resistance to the desire of a subject people for freedom from foreign rule" and with the modern cliché about India's "genuine, peaceful national liberation movement". The word "fever" is truly descriptive of the temper. Goa belongs to Portugal only in name. To talk of "subjection" is to misuse words.

September 11th, 1954.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

HUMAN SOCIETY

Lord Russell has become an institution. The prestige, however, which he enjoys in this country, which approves of longevity, is not due alone to his eighty years, although this may cause the admiring masses to put his works on the same shelf as those of his *frère ennemi*, another eminent Victorian, Dean Inge. Indeed his reputation and wit is rather that of a figure of the Seventeenth or Eighteenth Century, a more benevolent La Rochefoucauld, a more profound Condorcet. He belongs to a tradition in this country, of which it is rightly proud, of the aristocratic philosopher, which includes Herbert of Cherbury, Shaftesbury, Balfour and Haldane. Among them he is the most eminent. But the exact qualities which make him a superb man of letters, qualities occasionally of brilliant, elf-like malice and even of what is best called "naughtiness", make him an admirable philosophic companion but a tricky guide, an emancipator, an intrepid champion of such great causes, but occasionally a will-o'-the-wisp in marshy ground, a sacrificer of dull sobriety to seductive paradox. There are, of course, sprinkled, jewels of insight such as Russell's direction of attention to the psychological bases of scientific politics and the statement, so fascinating in its contrast to Niebuhr, that "ethics, considered as a matter of give-and-take, is scarcely distinguishable from politics". But the elegant paradox yet does not always lead to that "do-operation, which lies in the heart of individuals", which Lord Russell elsewhere commands.

He shares the typical prejudices of the era of Voltaire, although emphasizing with Hume the role of the passions and that mankind is "rather mad". He shares them to a degree which produces a blind spot as touching large areas of human experience which he dismisses as superstition, myth and magic, whereas today the anthropologist and psychologist will regard them rather as providing data and problems in a great cultural tradition, for which we have very modestly to seek the understanding. It is a minor item that fornication and sodomy are, one gathers, just tabus. The world suffers from too much religion and faith, which is the kind of opinion for which there is no evidence. As for sin and sense of guilt, and chatter about *angst* and apocalypse, Russell's views are those of Lin Yutang; much of the worry is pathological and folk have not studied how to enjoy themselves enough. The Indians are the hope of the world, by providing a

report on the imperative of peace—World government is also an imperative—but Indian culture is likely to relapse now into medieval superstition. One wonders whether Gandhi was that wicked thing, a medieval crusader. And yet, by a strange irony, in a passage where "all reason" means "all grounds of evidence about what will follow", the book concludes with the words: "Those who are to lead the world out of its troubles will need courage, hope and love. Whether they will prevail I do not know; but, beyond all reason, I am persuaded that they will." There is something extremely lovable about Bertrand Russell. (For one thing he hates the things I hate, such as chauvinism. . . .) He is a man of faith. But he betimes does his best to tell us that he is not. Obviously he does not like bad faiths; but that is scarcely in dispute.

More technically, Lord Russell is a qualified utilitarian. Ethics is for the most part discussion of the right and of useful means to the good. In the lapidary words of Ayer—"pleasure is for the most part good". With Bentham we discover the good, which transcends logical proof, in the pleasurable (not of course tabus)—or we do so largely. . . . But then Russell makes some very interesting corrections. Sometime the argument indeed has run a little too easily, in its sparkling way. Reviewers have quoted the *mot*: "perhaps even the well-being of those we hate would not be too high a price to pay for our own continued existence". Somehow translated as "perhaps even the well-being of Nazis is not too high a price to save our own skins", it does not sound so good. Significantly Russell adds, to the notion of pleasure as the good, the clause: "I think we must include (among the common quality of the great majority of approved actions) such things as intelligence and human sensibility". "The good is the satisfaction of desire". But the general good has to be a satisfaction "commonly approved", and indeed "likely to further the interest of all sentient beings". We have travelled a long, long way.

"The doctrine of self-interest," said Clarendon of Hobbes, "is the seed of sedition". And of much more. I submit that Lord Russell greatly underestimates what a clever scoundrel can do to promote his own satisfaction of desires and the power he can thereby achieve. In "the long run" perhaps no; but "in the long run" he has fled to join others in a thousand years. He can do it unless there is an instant sentiment which prevents him now; and a society speedily becomes decadent when the many start to calculate that a good man is a good deal of a fool. I defy anyone satisfactorily to reduce even "enlightened" self-interest, strictly construed as satisfaction of desire, into the common interest, except for a dull fool who does not know the ropes or for a little man who can't get hold of them; or to reduce 'decency' in conduct into egotism, unless this has ceased to be any longer recognisable as satisfaction of un-reconstructed, actual desire. What does Lord Russell, with his "higher pleasures" (poor Mill's old problem), mean by "human sensibility"? "Ethics is aesthetics", said Wittgenstein. I do not desire to quarrel. There is an ethic of means and of power. And there is an ethic of the good, of the vision, picture and pattern of the fair, seemly, fitting and decent. Maybe the judgment rests upon Pythagorean "harmonious numbers", upon the mathematical structure of the crystal-set which is the human brain. If we added that the pattern was displayed large in the great historic cults, "myths" and dramas, Christian, Buddhist, even Marxist, we should carry ourselves a long way, maybe owing more to Shaftesbury and Butler, Jung and Cassirer, than to Bentham. At least it is worth considering whether a common "human sensibility", no more demonstrable by a reason which has "nothing to do with ends" than the aesthetic judgment, but finding probable norms in history, may not give the needed clue to many of the problems, religio-ethical and religio-political, here analytically discussed with the flash of a genius, humane but occasionally perverse.

PROFESSOR GEORGE CATLIN.

Bertrand Russell: *Human Society in Ethics and Politics*. Allen & Unwin. 15s.

THE WEIMAR REPUBLIC

The Weimar Republic had no heroes. Its more honest and courageous men were by necessity rebels against a recent past to which many in all walks of life looked back with longing; its politics were those of an unreal Liberalism, a parliamentary system in which the past was the only effective opposition. In earlier works Dr. Erich Eyck has found in political biography the central theme for political history; but there is no great name to associate with the *Geschichte der Weimarer Republik*. There are not even, in the present volume which takes the story down to Hindenburg's election to the Presidency in 1925, great failures. Dr. Eyck's deep-seated Liberalism, developed as a follower of Dr. Ludwig Bammerger, as a supporter of Weimar republicanism, and perhaps also as a resident in England since the 1930s, enables him to do justice to both the courage and the difficulties of the supporters of the Republic, and to deal in a fair way with the criticisms of its contemporary opponents and those who deplored its easy capture by Hitler. The book has therefore a double theme; it gives a detailed reassessment of the problems and controversies (particularly in relation to the Allies) with which the Republic was concerned, and it shows how the Republic itself became the scapegoat for blame which rightly belonged to its predecessors, or at least to circumstances beyond the control of its leaders. The chapters in which Dr. Eyck examines the involved and acrimonious struggles between the Republic and its foreign conquerors are remarkably judicious, and a corrective to self-righteousness on both sides, although it must be said that criticism of the Versailles treaty outside Germany is very much less novel than criticism of the German case against the treaty inside Germany. Dr. Eyck, for example, reminds his German readers that the real cause of the German inflation was not the reparations payments, but the excessive reliance on borrowing by German governments during the war, and he deplores the influence of J. M. Keynes's writings both in confusing the minds of his German readers on some of the economic issues and in its wider effects, including Wilson's defeats in America. In their joy over this disruption of the entente many Germans overlooked the fact that the isolation of the United States was a fresh blow to German interests. He points out also that Wilson's fourteen points, whether they were materially departed from or not, constituted anything but the mild and honourable terms on which Germany was supposed to have laid down her arms, and that in any case she was not in a position to go on fighting: the dialectical extravagances of this campaign against the Wilson programme led directly to Roosevelt's sudden insistence on "unconditional surrender" in January, 1943. The campaign against the victors soon became, however, a campaign for exculpation inside the republic; with the launching of the stab-in-the-back legend in 1920 the left and centre parties who had been left with the responsibility for conducting the new government could be blamed not only for accepting the consequences of defeat but for the defeat itself. It is with the struggles and intellectual problems of these defenders of the Republic that Dr. Eyck is mainly concerned, and the book abounds in his skilful portraits of the leading political figures. A liberal constitution was a matter of obvious necessity in view of President Wilson's peace terms, but there were those in Germany who believed in it. It is this element of idealism underlying the opportunism of the new republic that gives it its continued interest and tragic quality: the association with Weimar was to be a guarantee that the reconstruction of Germany should be under the protection of the spirit in which Weimar had once before enlightened and inspired the world, "the spirit of humanity and freedom and of peaceful competition among the peoples". This vision of a Liberal Germany in a Liberal world was soon to fade: Dr. Hugo Preuss, the drafter of the constitution, complained in prophetic terms on 8 April, 1919, that the parliamentary system seemed to be fundamentally

foreign to the political outlook of even the most progressive of the German people. The right wing parties had already become disloyal to it in spirit by the summer of 1919. Yet between the early victims—Rosa Luxemburg, Liebknecht, Erzberger, Eisner, and Rathenau—and the later failures the new state had a sufficiency of competent and even brilliant men for anything less than the abnormal tasks that faced it. In this volume Dr. Eyck has been content for the most part to record developments; we may perhaps look for a general assessment of the causes of the failure of liberal democracy in a later volume. It is enough to say that in its scholarly and objective handling of what must often have been a painful theme Dr. Eyck has produced very much the best study of the early Weimar republic that has yet appeared.

PROFESSOR W. N. MEDLICOTT.

Erich Eyck: *Geschichte der Weimarer Republik* (Erster Band. Erlenbach-Zurich. Eugen Rentsch Verlag. 1954. DM. 13.50).

GERMAN MILITARISM

The term militarism, like all political slogans, is used in different senses, and this has often brought public opinion into great confusion. The communists denounce the policy of the democratic powers as militaristic, and pacifists often ascribe all wars and armaments to militarism. Professor Ritter in his new work therefore first defines the term. It means an overestimation of the soldierly point of view, its extension to politics implying an undue preference for the fighting spirit, the subordination of dispassionate political considerations to the belief in an unavoidable technical necessity of warlike actions. This attitude, which culminated in the mentalities of a Ludendorff and Hitler, ignores the supreme task of politics, namely the realisation of peace, law, order, welfare and a true national and international community. Every profession naturally breeds a specific mentality, and its members easily believe that what holds good in their sphere of life must also be the best rule for governing a nation. Soldiers therefore often, though not always, more or less incline to militarism in the field of politics too. But the art of government requires a much wider outlook and other qualifications than those needed in military operations or in a profession. Great statesmen have never accepted the crude doctrines of an inexorable necessity of constantly increasing the power of their state by force, of completely crushing and humiliating an enemy, and of enforcing conditions of peace which contained the germs of new wars. In the olden time of cabinet wars the diplomats could as a rule retain the decisive influence and make peace by negotiation before the conflict had caused irreparable losses and had created a situation from which there was no way out but a new war. In our democratic times, however, wars necessarily arouse national passions and if they are not speedily stopped a fanaticism obtains the upper hand which makes a reasonable settlement impossible.

Professor Ritter shows the struggles about the aims and ways of warfare between the representatives of two antagonistic schools. One tried to restrict war to the limits fixed by a far-sighted statesmanship deeply versed in the psychology of individuals and nations, and inspired by higher strivings than mere lust of power and prestige. The other advocated unrestricted warfare and preventive wars, strove for revenge and aggrandisement, or even praised war as a cure for moral degeneration. These conflicts were further connected with other rivalries. In Prussia long struggles were waged about the question whether the army was to be a bulwark of liberalism or an instrument of absolutism and aristocracy. Dr. Ritter describes the operation of these forces in the history of Prussia from Frederick II to Bismarck. He has utilised important new sources

which since have been partly bombed or are no longer available in Germany. Naturally the student of modern history must read this work, and students of current politics should become adequately acquainted with it. The aftermath of war propaganda is still a powerful force. It is certainly true that militarism was deeply rooted in the traditions of Prussia, and had a disastrous influence in the causation of two great wars. But there were always strong counter-forces, also in the ruling circles, which must not be belittled or ignored as has become the prevailing habit among our makers of public opinion. During the war not a few writers who should have known better argued that Nazism was the natural outcome of the strongest German traditions, that Bismarck was a forerunner of Hitler, and similar trash. One can be very critical of Bismarck and still agree with Ritter that he showed a rare combination of the striving for power with restraint in victory and with working for a lasting peace. He wanted a great, strong and respected Germany, but he did not want to give the militarists the decisive voice in policy, and did not encourage Pangermanism, dreams of world domination, a big navy and a colonial empire, etc. In spite of certain deplorable errors which he committed under the pressure of militarism and nationalism he was also a great European. This book confirms Dr. Ritter's position as the greatest living German historian, the true successor of Meinecke and Ranke. It is a matter of great satisfaction that he has also sponsored and partly written a textbook of history for German schools which has obtained a dominant position and will certainly contribute much to the political education of youth.

FREDERICK HERTZ.

Gerhart Ritter, *Staatskunst und Kriegshandwerk, das Problem des "Militarismus" in Deutschland*, Erster Band: *Die altpreussische Tradition (1740-1890)*, Verlag R. Oldenbourg. Muenchen, 1954.

NEW INTERPRETATIONS OF GERMAN HISTORY

Whoever is interested in German history and politics will be grateful to Professor Hans Kohn in New York for having collected English translations of about a dozen essays by contemporary German historians which show an attitude remarkably different from the traditional point of view. The difference refers not so much to National Socialism, for Hitler had, in fact, very few adherents among serious German historians: it refers more to the attitude which was usual in the decades before Hitler. It goes without saying that here the central problem is the valuation of the dominant personality of the history of the German Empire, Bismarck. The most important contribution to this subject is by Professor Franz Schnabel, the distinguished author of an excellent *German History in the 19th Century*. His criticism is less directed against the means and methods than the goal of his policy, the unification of Germany in a national state. Like many Catholic contemporaries of Bismarck, he considers the way of German history since 1866, the *kleindeutsche* solution of the German problem, as a tragic error, contrary to the best German traditions. This view will command respect but hardly large adherence in the world of today, which—for better or worse—has been influenced deeply by the most powerful national movements. More to the point seems the criticism of Alfred von Martin, who emphasises "the old lack of civic consciousness and sense of responsibility, which was inculcated (to the German people) by the authoritarian state" and the German worship of force, which raised Bismarck—and later Hitler—to idols.

Still more topical is the essay "Germany and the Epoch of World Wars" by Professor Ludwig Dehio (Marburg), one of the editors of the *Historische Zeitschrift*. He lays stress upon the German idea of struggle for hegemony, combined with the idea of the demoniac character (*Dämonie*) of power. Comparing it with former struggles for hegemony in Europe, he admits that the hege-

monic powers of the past took on positive spiritual missions, while the Germans did not develop any mission which could appeal to other nations. Professor Dehio is courageous enough to demand "ruthless recognition of the frightful role which we have played". Dr. J. A. von Rantzau's essay about the "Glorification of the State in German historical writing" is particularly interesting for his polemic against Prof. Gerhard Ritter (Freiburg), who still prefers "the old German authoritarian and bureaucratic state" to democracies of the Western pattern. He reproaches him with preferring "to overlook the weaknesses in the development of our state instead of exposing them".

This polemic already shows that the views presented in this volume are not at all the common conviction of contemporary German historians. This is more evident still from the essay which Professor Kohn has himself contributed to this collection "Rethinking Recent German History". It gives a most instructive survey of the tendencies in contemporary historical writing. "The process of rethinking recent German history is still in its infancy. The old trends are still most powerful". They have unfortunately the strong support of a large part of the German book-reading public. Nevertheless it is of the utmost importance that a beginning of "rethinking" has been made. Much will depend on the attitude of the universities and above all the German students. They should take encouragement from the example of the Nestor of German historiography, the late Friedrich Meinecke, who even in his very old age never ceased to review and correct his former views in the light of experience. His contribution on "Ranke and Burckhardt" will be welcome to many admirers of this eminent historian.

ERICH EYCK.

German History. Some New German Views. Edited by Hans Kohn. Allen & Unwin.

A HISTORY OF OXFORD

In these days when dons become mayors and councillors found scholarships it is hard to realise that the city and the university have lived together in harmony for barely a hundred years; and in those long centuries of conflict between town and gown it would have been incredible for an Oxford graduate to have written a history of the city. This, the first, history of the City of Oxford redresses the balance of scholarship by telling us the development of Oxford from a fresh standpoint: how many of us are aware, for instance, that the city of 1642 was almost as Puritan as the university was royalist? The remarkable series of published Oxford documents, chiefly the work of the late Dr. H. E. Salter, have long awaited an interpreter; Mrs. Fasnacht has now used them to write a very readable volume.

"You may generalize about other towns: you must be particular about Oxford." Certainly antiquaries did not lack inventiveness for their accounts of the city's origins, but the tale of King Memphris and the legend of St. Frideswide are roundly dealt with here. Ideally situated for communications, the walled settlement of Edward the Elder prospered and became a town of note long before the beginnings of the university. Henry II's charter of liberties, for instance, granted one privilege that no other town save London enjoyed—the right of a representative of the citizens to assist the King's butler at Coronation banquets. The general liberties of this "busy, prosperous borough" were of such note that several towns receiving charters from Angevin kings, like Marlborough and Plymouth, took as their model the customs of Oxford. The decline of the medieval city began soon after the coming of the university. Thanks to royal patronage and the power of its chancellor the university triumphed at every step. The strife between town and gown, told afresh in these pages, reached its climax in St. Scholastica's Day 1355, and for this incident the mayors of Oxford continued to do penance until 1825. Perennial bickerings over such matters as the

market and the night watch illustrate the conflicting jurisdictions. Interesting details are given about the royalist garrison in the Civil War, the coaching days and the beginning of the railways: the university at first opposed the railway, fearing it would distract its junior members. We are carefully guided through the complicated legislation of the nineteenth century which reformed the corporation and greatly increased its activities. Mrs. Fasnacht tells us the main facts of church building and of the changes in parish boundaries as the city expanded, although no mention is made of Roman Catholic churches or of the synagogue, founded in St. Ebbe's in 1848. A final chapter surveys the growth of industrial Oxford: perhaps later ages will regard the bill of W. R. Morris for mending a puncture in a bicycle tyre, dated April, 1901, as one of the more interesting manuscripts in the Bodleian Library.

The author has a pleasant style and knows when to let the documents speak for themselves: the only inelegancy is the use (p. 218) of "matriculated" as a passive verb. There is a short bibliography and an excellent index. Thirteen charming illustrations are presented, four of them in colour. Part of Loggan's View of Oxford in 1675 is included, but a sketch-map of the late medieval city, giving the old as well as the new street-names, would have been a useful addition.

NEVILLE WILLIAMS.

Ruth Fasnacht. *A History of the City of Oxford*. Basil Blackwell. 215.

ROYAL BOGEY MAN*

When Mr. Roger Fulford suggested in *Royal Dukes* that Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, was not the savage and sinister person of popular legend, the suggestion had all the impact of novelty. Since then we have learned more about him from letters in the Windsor Archives and other sources. In 1936 Mr. Hubert van Thal brought out a *Brief Survey of the Man and his Times*; and now Mr. G. M. Willis has given us the first full-scale, fully-documented biography. Oddly enough it is the Duchess, Queen Charlotte's thrice-married niece Frederica, who emerges most clearly from these slightly congested pages. Of all the sons of George III it was granted only to the least likeable to savour the delights of a marriage which never ceased to be a honeymoon. Mr. Willis has been able to delve deep in royal family papers, in Germany as well as in this country, and the evidence thus accumulated tells strongly in the Duke's favour. Yet he has somehow missed the grim, sardonic quality so cleverly conveyed by Mr. Fulford, and his Ernest occasionally seems more like a military automaton than a fiercely idiosyncratic Hanoverian Prince. And a fierce fellow he was, in his loves and hates, his Tory principles and his fanatical Protestantism. In his own day many people who would strongly have endorsed his anti-Emancipationist views were so repelled by his political activities that they found it easy to credit the stories that he had murdered his valet and committed incest with his sister. Mr. Ellis deals firmly with the first preposterous charge. The second he relegates to a single paragraph in the Appendix, which seems less than fair to the Duke. Some modern historians doubt whether General Garth could have been the father of Sophia's graceless son, but that Cumberland was not the man might have been shown without any exploitation of old scandals or any concessions to modern taste for ugly things.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

*Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland and King of Hanover. By G. M. Willis. Arthur Barker. 35s.

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